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MONA.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Mona, the golden-hearted,
Is coming back to me;
She has promised, oh, yes! she has promised,
The bride of my life to be.
At her coming the earth grows brighter,
At her coming my heart grows lighter
Hush, birds! Blush more deeply, O blossoms!
When Mona comes back to me.

For sweet is my dear in her beauty
As the buds which fold closely their charms—
That bud shall grow sweeter transplanted
To the home of its choice, in my arms.
She is coming, my beautiful maiden—
Earth changes, and only seems Arden,
And the breath of the zephyr is laden
With the incense that burns to her charms.

Have you seen her, my darling, O river!
Where the sun touches lightly your bank,
Where its rays through the larch-branches quiver,
To lighten the marsh-rushes dank?
She is coming, my darling, my blossom!
If you see but the rose on her bosom,
You will dream, like the eaters of lotus
That deeply of Lethe have drank.

MURIEL;

OR,

A DOUBLE VOW.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

Author of "Fair as a Star," "A Wife's Revenge," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

Mr. Lutterell was certainly not well, for he had another attack, similar to that which had so alarmed his wife, on the evening of the same day. She went into his dressing-room for something before dinner, and to her horror found him stretched senseless on the floor. He partially recovered before she had time to call anyone, and he laughed at her fears and told her he was only overdone.

"I really had no rest while I was away this last time," he said—"that is all. I got into a horribly uncomfortable place, and I was anxious, besides."

"You will kill yourself, Harry," she said reproachfully. "You should think for me, if you don't for yourself."

"I will think for us both, my dear; only let me alone. Don't worry me about doctors and such nonsense. I am all right, and if you let me alone I shall be well directly."

"Who says women are obstinate?" she said. "I think men are ten times more so. When you are laid up you will wish you had been advised in time."

"Nonsense. Leave me and my ailments alone. Let us talk about something else. I am at your service for this Brighton trip, or wherever you would like to go."

"Yes, but for how long?"

"For a whole fortnight—think of that."

"And then?"

His face darkened as if he did not like the question, or as if he could give no pleasant answer to it.

"'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" he said, with an uneasy laugh. "Can't you be contented with the mercies you have? Don't seek to pry far into the future, there's a good soul."

"All which, being interpreted, means that you are going away as soon as possible. Harry, I did not think it possible I could ever be jealous, but I am."

"Jealous, Adrienne! Of what?"

"Of your business. It is always taking you away from me."

"Business is a harmless rival, at any rate," he said. He did not seem to relish the subject. "There is neither bowl nor dagger to be feared from it. I do not much mind your jealousy of Cannon street. If it were anything else, now ——"

"Suppose it were; suppose I were jealous, as some women are, would you mind then?"

"Don't talk of it," he said with a shiver. "It is an ugly subject. I don't know what I should expect if you were."

"You might expect murder."

"My dear Addy!"

"You might. Mine is a nature to brook no second place in my husband's affections. I should not be mistress of myself; and if you turned from me to another woman, I think I should kill her."

"I am not afraid of your killing the clerks or poor old Judson, so things are pretty safe," was his reply.

But her words and manner seemed to have startled him, or he was not feeling well, for he was very silent all the rest of the evening, and went early to bed, saying he was tired.

Adrienne attributed it to her dislike to his business journeys, which seemed to be taking up more and more of his time as the days went on. He had explained to her, or endeavored to do so, the reason of his doing the work he had in hand himself, and she began to think she had been ungracious and wanting in sympathy in grumbling at his efforts to extend his business.

"I ought to encourage him, instead," she said to herself, as she set the lamp sleeping, with a worried look on his face that was new to it. It had only come there lately, and was doubtless the fruit of the constant work that annoyed her so. "If he would only send someone else on the journeys and stay at home with me," she thought; "but I suppose I must be content. Sometimes I think he would do it if I were a younger woman. Why can't we keep our youth when our hearts don't age with us, I wonder? Why do we feel young at heart, with wrinkles and crows'-feet to show the world that the time of our enjoyment is passed, and our faces ought to be looking over the hill we have climbed into the valley beyond, not turned with regret to the sunshine we have left?"

And Adrienne Lutterell, now that there was no one to see her, threw herself down by her sleeping husband's side, and wept as women will who feel that their hold is loosening—that the thread of silver in the hair and the tracery of wrinkles on the forehead are a broadening gulf across which there may be no passing. He was full of life and energy—a man in his prime, with the best of his life still before him. She had come to the standpoint when time begins to slip by all too fast, and when we would fain hold on to life if we could, and call upon the ever-moving shadow on time's dial to move more slowly.

It was very seldom that she allowed such feelings to get over her. She was so happy in her marriage, so completely assured of her husband's perfect love, that the difference in their ages troubled her very little; but to-night there seemed a shadow, whence coming she could not tell—an indefinable something between Harry and herself. He was changed, somehow; he did not meet her with the frank freedom of their early intercourse. It was business, doubtless, and the worry of money matters generally, and she was fanciful. She would not let such thoughts get into her head any more.

But the shadow did not pass. He was wretchedly unlike himself all the next day, though it was very evident that he was trying his utmost to be cheerful. They set out for Brighton. On the way Adrienne learned that his next journey was to take him to America. She made no remark; she was in that uncomfortable state of mind in which she could not have spoken if he had said he was going to Timbuctoo; but she felt strangely inclined to cry—to burst into passionate tears, and entreat her husband to take her with him.

"It is a long way," he said, "but the journey is made so ridiculously easy nowadays that I shall only be away a very little time—a month at most."

"A month, Harry?"

"It may be more, of course, but I don't think it will. It will soon pass, dear."

"Yes, I suppose it will."

She did not expostulate with him, as she was in the habit of doing, or make any remark on the length of time he proposed to stay away. He was a little surprised, for he had been prepared to combat her wish to go with him. She had often expressed a wish to see America again, and he had often promised that she should.

"Of course I shall make the time as short as I can," he said.

"Of course. Naturally."

"What makes you speak in that way, Adrienne? Do you not care when I return?"

"My caring makes such a difference, does it not?" she replied bitterly. "Don't let us talk of it, Harry. Let us enjoy what time I have left with you."

"I don't understand you a bit this morning," he said, looking at her in surprise. "You seem as if you thought I should not come back again."

"That is just what I do think. Don't stare at me in that way, Harry. I am not mad. I feel—I have a presentiment—that when you set off on one of these journeys I shall have looked upon your face for the last time. It may not be this time, nor the next, nor the next, but it will come as surely as we are here together now."

"My dear Adrienne, you are surely bewitched," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "No such dismal end is likely to come to any journey of mine, except from some unforeseen accident that neither of us can avert. I am as safe traveling as I am here with you."

His bodily safety was not in her thought; but she could not put what she felt into words, so she dropped the subject and reverted to it no more. The time at Brighton passed pleasantly enough. Mr. Lutterell seemed to get a great deal better, and to be troubled much less with the strange attacks which had so frightened his wife.

He said nothing to her about it, but he consulted the most eminent physician there, for he had felt the mischief growing for some time. He was told that he had a very weak—if not actually diseased—heart, and that he must be very cautious to avoid any excitement; he might, and probably would, live for years, but he might die at any moment, if he were not very careful to avoid any agitation.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE EVE OF THE WEDDING.

Ne'er did man
Draw lot with chances more opposed than mine.
A little moment, I am made or lost.
—SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

"Well, my dear, what is to be the next thing?" Mr. Moore asked of Muriel Grant when he had shown her the answers to his letters. "It is for you to decide."

"I don't know what to do," she replied. "It is such a strange position to be placed in."

"But you think you like him, don't you?"

"I am quite sure I like him, but that is not enough. It is a temptation, for I am very friendless; but I may be doing a good man a great wrong by marrying him and finding afterwards that I can never learn to love him."

"You may, but I don't think you ever will. I fancy the love will come. I think in your heart you have said 'Yes' already."

He was right; she had. The prospect of a home of her own, where she might be happy and at rest, and the absence of any other image in her imagination, all helped to make the way clear for her stranger lover, and she consented that Mr. Moore should telegraph to him and say "Come."

Mark Dyson was alone when he read the little message. It was not much, but it affected him strangely. He sat with the bit of paper in his hand, staring at it as if it were some dangerous living thing.

"Shall I go?" he asked himself, looking at the summoning words as if they could aid him in his decision, "or shall I melt into thin air and be no more seen? If I were not to follow this thing up, would she seek me, I wonder? Mark Dyson would be easily found, and such a piece of scandal would do his name no good. I don't think she would do that, my beautiful Muriel. She would suffer an eternity of hope deferred before she would make any moan about it. No, no, there must be no drawing back now. She shall never regret it. With Heaven's help—bah! I must be going mad. What has Heaven to do with it? She shall not repent it. Her life shall be one long, happy dream. My darling, that I love as I never thought it possible I could love any woman."

The telegram had been delayed, or he had not been at the place appointed when it arrived, for it was three days before Muriel received the answer; when it came it was all-sufficient:

MARSEILLES, Tuesday.—Yours received. Shall be detained about a fortnight longer. Will write by the post to-day.

And the morrow brought the letter, the first love-letter that Muriel had ever received in her life. A love-letter it truly was, for the pages were full to overflowing with the passionate affection with which she had inspired him, and his gratitude to her for consenting to his proposal.

It was not a very legible hand, for Mr. Dyson wrote as if that part of his education had been a little neglected, and his calligraphy was strangely suggestive, in its waywardness, of the gambols of an ink-stained spider on the paper. Muriel could not help comparing it with that of Mr. Henry Lutterell, who wrote in a clerkly hand that looked like copperplate in its minuteness and neatness. Somehow she liked the other better; it seemed more familiar, and not so business-like.

The letter bade her prepare for everything, for he could not give her much time. He would have to go away again very soon, but he wanted to leave her in safety, and have the right to think of her future. He inclosed her some money, and bade her use it, telling that he had the right now to send her what she wanted, and that she was not to think of the cost of anything she fancied and would like.

Somehow Muriel did not feel humiliated by the gift. She took it in the way in which it was offered, and was thankful for the happy future that was opening before her. She set herself to work to provide a modest *trousseau*, her little store greatly augmented by a present from Mrs. Lutterell, who sent it unknown to her husband.

She heard from him that his recommendation had helped to make Muriel decide as she did; and in spite of her dread of seeing her again, and the strange antipathy with which she regarded her, she sent Muriel a kind, womanly letter, congratulating her on her improved prospects, and begging her acceptance of a trifle towards her wardrobe. Muriel wrote, thanking her, and sending her thanks and remembrances also to her husband. Adrienne read the letter and thought it over.

"I won't show this to Harry," she said to herself. "I don't know why, but I can't bear to talk to him about that girl. It seems to make the shadow between us deeper and wider. Why should it, I wonder? Why should there be any shadow at all? Have I been the cause of it? I don't think so; it is that weary business, nothing more. Nothing ever could come between my Harry and me."

She put Muriel's grateful little letter into her desk, feeling glad that she had written to the lonely girl, and thought no more about it or her; for the time was drawing on fast when her husband was to leave her for a longer journey than he had ever taken without her, and she was strangely nervous and uneasy about it.

"You need not fuss about such a lot of things for me, my dear," he said to her one day, when he caught her in the midst of preparations for his trip; "the chances are I shan't wear one of them. In these go-ahead days it is easier for a man to go about without anything, and buy what he wants, than to travel with a stock of all sorts of clothing in boxes and bags."

"It is not like you to talk like that," she said, looking up in surprise; "you are generally so very fastidious, and always say you dislike shop-things so much."

"I'll try them this time, any way," he replied carelessly. "Do not load me with luggage, Addy—only a bag for the crossing; that will be quite enough."

She did his bidding, and only put up what he would want for the voyage, and even that he did not use, for the bag came back as she had packed it. He had managed to lose it, or rather mislay it, when they started, and it was not found again till they landed in America; and as it was old linen, to be thrown away when done with, he had never unpacked it. Truly, business or something was changing him very much. He was not like himself at all.

While he was in America, Muriel Grant was married. Mark Dyson came back in spite of the forebodings of the gentleman who ruled in Mr. Thornycroft's place, who, though he would not acknowledge Muriel as any relation, or admit that she had any claim on his generosity, chose to be very inquisitive about the business, and to give a great deal of unasked advice.

He made it his concern in a very uncomfortable fashion, paying visits to the Trimmetts' cottage, and talking it over in a way that made Muriel feel that she should like to box his ears. It was only the thought that her kind friends were in his employ that enabled her to hold her tongue about the unmaidenly way in which she was settling her life. He was horribly patronizing, hoping she might never repent it, etc.

He was a hard, austere man, as his dead cousin had been, but he had his weak side, for all that; he had promised an old friend to let his son, a young man about nineteen years of age, come and learn the mysteries of his business free of cost.

There had been love-passages in his almost forgotten youth between himself and this boy's mother, and he had stayed a bachelor all his life for the love he had borne pretty Agnes Balfour. She was in her grave now this many a year; she had died when her youngest child was born. Her husband had mourned her as husbands do mourn for their wives, with decent regret and a helpless sense of something wanting in his life, and he had never married again. He had let his business engross him afterwards, and his daughter had grown up to fill, in a measure, her mother's place. She was a pleasant memory in the house where she had been once all in all, nothing more. But her memory was very green in the heart of Paul Thornycroft, her former lover, her faithful adorer, whom not even her marriage with another man could change, and he mourned for her as if she had been in very deed his wife.

Something of the love he had felt for her he transferred to her son, and he made it his business to see to his education—a benefit which was very welcome to his harassed father, who was by no means overburdened with this world's goods. When he succeeded so unexpectedly to his cousin's fortune and place in the world, he proposed at once to take Walter under his wing and initiate him into the mysteries of the trade which had been so profitable, and his father gladly assented.

The day of Mark Dyson's arrival at Thornycroft was fixed for him to come, too, but the Trimmetts and their guest were too much occupied with their own momentary preparations to know anything about what was going on in the world outside their door. Mark Dyson was punctual to the time he had fixed for his arrival at the works. Within an hour of the time he named as the earliest he could depend on to be there, he had walked into the cottage and taken Muriel in his arms, claiming her as his wife.

"To be parted no more, my darling, except by business," he said; and half frightened as she was, there was a mighty sense of security in thus being taken possession of.

It was such a relief to have this strong arm to lean on, and this manly form to come between her and all harm in the unknown future. He was a very gentle wooer, but there was no time to be lost. The marriage must be at once, for the exigencies of his profession might take him off at any minute, and he must see her settled in a home of her own before he left her again. She found that he had been busy about even that while he had been away; for he had been making inquiries about a small house not far from the little colony, where he thought she might be very comfortable, at least for a while.

"Unless you would prefer to go to England," he said.

But there was something in his tone that told her he would not like it so well, and just now it was all the same to her. She was not particularly wedded to England; she had suffered so much there, and France was new and interesting to her. She had no friends that she wanted to see, so she gladly acquiesced in his proposal.

The house was taken, some servants were engaged, and all was arranged to everyone's satisfaction except Mr. Thornycroft's. That gentleman took upon himself, very impertinently, Muriel thought, to question her future husband about his means and position in relationship to her, now that she was in a position to get along without his help. Mr. Dyson, angry at his curiosity, answered what he considered his insolence with a brusque refusal to satisfy him on any point, and made him an enemy for life. It might have been better, perhaps, if he had been a little more civil to Paul Thornycroft, but his was a nature that brooked no interference in his proceedings. Muriel knew all that was necessary for his wife to know, and that was sufficient. Walter Crosbie arrived on the eve of the wedding, which was to be celebrated at the little church in the works. The master could not prevent that, though he felt so indignant with the bridegroom that he would like to have done so if he could. He was thinking of it in somewhat of a spiteful fashion when his *protege* arrived, and he was summoned to see him. Welcoming him drove all other thoughts out of his head for a little while, for he was really attached to him, and interested in all concerning him.

"Here at last, my boy," he said, "The new life is beginning in earnest now."

"I hope so, uncle."

Uncle was the style and title that Walter had bestowed upon his friend long ago, and he had kept to it. It was as good as anything else.

"And how is your father?" asked Mr. Thornycroft when their first greeting was over.

"Very well, and full of gratitude to you. He says your kindness to me had brought him good luck."

"He needed it, by all accounts. But what particular luck have I brought him?"

"I hardly know. Things are better with him than they were. There's Katie, too."

"What about her?"

"Oh, she's engaged to be married. We heard of her engagement the very day you settled with my father to have me here."

"Indeed! I hope it is a good match."

"Oh, capital. He is quite a gentleman, and has plenty of money."

CHAPTER XV.

WALTER CROSBIE'S BEGINNING.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.
—SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. Thornycroft looked at his young guest, and wondered a little at the enthusiasm with which he spoke. He had had sisters in his youth, but he had never felt any particular interest in the suitors who came after them, or the marriages they had made. His family were all dead now, and he was alone; but he never remembered feeling any particular sorrow when they died, and certainly his sisters were people of no interest to him; but Walter spoke as if his were a dear friend, or as if he were specially concerned in her welfare.

"And he is going to do something for you, I suppose?" he said in answer to the young man's remark.

"He? Who?"

"Your sister's lover. He is a rich man, you say?"

"He is rich compared to us, but he will do nothing for me. What made you think so?"

"Only the enthusiastic way in which you spoke—that was all."

"Why, I have never seen him," the lad replied, with a laugh. "I don't suppose he knows of my existence. We are all glad on Katie's account. It seems such a good thing for her. We all love her so dearly."

"I have seen her. I think. Is she pretty?"

"That she is," Walter said warmly—"lovely. Surely you must remember her, if you have seen her at all."

Mr. Thornycroft's ideas of female beauty were somewhat vague. He had forsworn the sex since his first and last fit of love-fever, and his only remembrances of Miss Crosbie were of a growing girl, lanky and unformed, after the fashion of the species, sallow-faced and big-eyed, and with nothing of her mother about her.

Had it been otherwise, Kate would have been his *protegee* and care, instead of her brother. It was his resemblance to his dead mother that gained him the preference. It was different now. Katie had grown very like her mother, and was just such a one as she had been when Paul Thornycroft had loved her in vain. Walter's encomium was not a bit exaggerated. Brothers are not apt to see their sisters with partial eyes.

"Then you have never seen this lover," Mr. Thornycroft said presently. "Where did Katie pick him up?"

"At Liverpool."

"Where there?"

"At a house where she went for a week or two to supply the governess' place. He was a friend of the family. They were all very kind to Katie, and treated her like one of the family. They wrote the *pater* such nice letters about it. They seemed to think she has done very well for herself."

"I should say she has—that is, if the man has really money and position."

"Oh, they will vouch for it all. They have known him all their lives."

"And what is he? You have not told me that."

"Didn't I? He's a Queen's messenger."

"A what?"

"A Queen's messenger. A fellow that rides all over the world, you know—wherever he is wanted to go. That is the only part of it we don't like. Katie will be so much alone. He is going to give it up soon, though. A good appointment has been offered him somewhere in the colonies—at the Cape, I think."

"Then you will lose him all the same?"

"Yes. We don't like that. But my father says he would rather know she was safe with her husband at the other side of the world than living with him here, as she would have to do, in all manner of suspense about his safety."

"I should feel the same. But you have not told me his name yet. We have been hearing a good deal about Queen's messengers lately. We are haunted by one, in fact."

"Indeed! How?"

"He is going to marry a girl here. I'll tell you all the story presently. It is a queer affair, and one of which I entirely disapprove. What is that, I wonder?"

He started up, and went to the window as he spoke, for there was a little commotion in the milk-yard, and the people were pouring out of the building, though it was not an hour at which they usually left off work.

"What is it, Trimmett?" he asked, as the foreman came running up, very pale, very dusty, but apparently with nothing else the matter.

"Not much, I hope, sir," was the prompt reply. "But the north chimney has given way, and we had to run. It will come down, I am sure."

He was right. Even while he spoke the tall stack bent and wavered for a moment, and then came down with a roar and a crash that resounded for miles, and left them all standing in a cloud of white dust that prevented them seeing how much mischief had been done. Trimmett was the first to speak.

"The right way, thank Heaven!" he gasped.

The right way, indeed. If the falling mass had gone the other way, it would have meant something very like ruin to Mr. Thornycroft. It would have crashed down into the principal building of the works, where all the most expensive machinery was at work, and, if no lives had been lost, would have taken the bread out of a hundred mouths, and brought all work to a standstill.

It tottered outwards instead, and fell into some waste ground at the side of the works, where but little mischief was done; but the accident quite drove the subject of their conversation out of the master and his *protege*. Katie and her lover were quite forgotten in the new interest of what had happened, and they found quite enough to do for the rest of the day without gossiping any more.

No people about the works were more glad than the Trimmett household that no serious harm had befallen through the fall of the chimney. It would have made but little difference to them whatever had happened. Their position was secure, but Muriel declared she should have felt it an ill omen on the eve of her wedding if anyone had been hurt. Mark Dyson laughed at her for her superstitious notions, and would not let her talk about it when he came to see her at night. The last night of her single life! To-morrow would see her his property—his for better, for worse, till they should be parted by death. She felt in a strange, dreamy way about it. There seemed so much of blindly yielding to destiny in the matter; and yet she would not have it undone. In the little time she had known this man she had come to love and trust him with her whole heart, and she was quite satisfied to give herself and her life into his keeping.

They sat together, hand clasped in hand, on this last evening, talking in snatches, but thinking more, and at length their talk turned on Mr. Thornycroft and his new *protege*.

"He looks very nice," Muriel said. "I saw him for a minute just after the accident yesterday."

"H'm—does he?" Mark said, with a smile. "I think it is just as well I am going to take you away to-morrow."

"Am I never to say that a man is handsome?" asked Muriel. "Mr. Crosbie is a very good-looking young man, and I am afraid I shall always say so."

"He ought to be flattered. What did you say his name was?"

"Crosbie—Walter Crosbie. Rather a nice name, is it not? And he is nice, too. I am sure he is."

"I am sure he is if you say so, child; and he is coming to live here, you say?"

"Yes; he came last night."

"I thought it might be only a visit."

"No, he is going to live with Mr. Thornycroft. Mrs. Trimmett told me all about it. It is quite a romance. I could not have believed that stern, hard man capable of such a thing."

"Nor I, after the way he treated you. I thank him heartily for that, though."

"Why?"

"Because if he had taken you into his house, and been kind to you, you would have been safe and under sufficient protection, and I should never have dared to act as I have done."

"Why not? You could have asked me to be your wife, if you wanted me, just the same. I don't suppose that he would have stood in the way."

"I don't know. I am very glad that things are as they are. I shall be still more glad when to-morrow comes, and I can carry you away."

"It is only to bring me back again, Mark."

"I don't know about that," he said absently.

"What do you mean?"

"Would you be very much disappointed if I chose some other place for you to live? I am not quite satisfied with the house down yonder."

"I don't mind where it is," she replied, looking at him in some surprise, for his manner was hurried and strange. "But I thought you had quite decided upon that one."

"So I had, so far as I could decide. But I have heard something not quite satisfactory about it to-day. The drainage is not just what it should be, it seems, which accounts for the cheapness of it. I hope you had not set your heart on it."

"Oh, no, not especially. But won't it be an expensive whim to change your mind, now that it was all settled?"

"That is a trifling consideration, dear, compared with our future comfort. Besides, I am not at all sure you would have liked to have lived always so close to Mr. Thornycroft. It would be all very well if I were always to be with you. I don't fancy you would find the gentleman a very pleasant neighbor."

"I don't fancy him being pleasant at all; and yet he must be, or he would not do so much for that young man."

"I hope that young man will be grateful. By the way, are you sure about his name?"

"Quite sure. Walter Crosbie."

"The Devil!"

Mark Dyson spoke involuntarily, as it were, and Muriel was hardly sure that she caught the words.

"Do you know him?" she asked.

"I have heard the name, I think. I never saw him in my life, child. How early can you be ready to-morrow?"

"What for?"

"For our wedding."

"You fixed it yourself for ten, Mark."

"I know I did, but I should like it earlier—at the very earliest time that the ceremony can be performed. Will you undertake to be ready at eight if I get the time altered?"

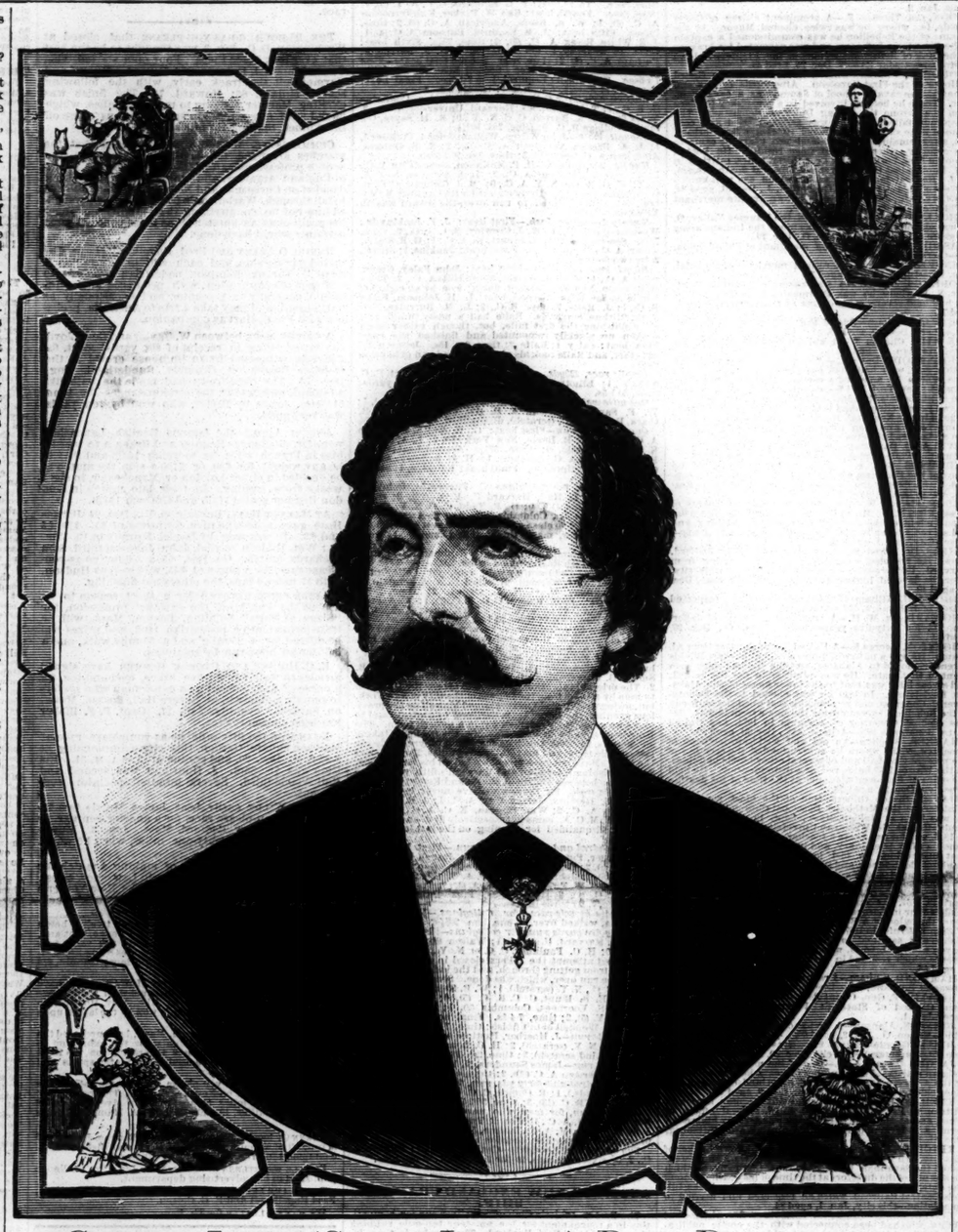
"I can be ready at any time," she replied wonderingly. "Whatever is the matter with you? You seem quite upset about something."

"I don't know. I am nervous, I suppose; and yet I am not a nervous man, either, in a general way. I seem to have a presentiment that something will take you away from me, if I do not make haste and claim you as my own. Let it be eight o'clock, dear, and let us get away from here."

It was not difficult to alter the time, for there was no fuss over the simple wedding. They were going straight to Paris. Where after Muriel did not know, nor had she cared to ask. She was content that she was going with the man who had taken her under his care for a short trip of pleasure before the real business of her life began.

She wondered what could be the matter with him this evening. He was certainly nervous, and unlike himself. She concluded that the alteration of his plans about the house was worrying him, or that he did not like the fuss and *eclat* of a wedding. No man does, she said to herself, and she longed for the morrow to be over, that she might get away from Thornycroft and all the people who knew the history of her strange love-making.

TO BE CONTINUED.



GEORGE JONES (COUNT JOANNES): DIED DEC. 30, 1879.

(For Biography, see City Summary.)

THROUGH-TICKETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK J. OTTARSON.

Long, weary miles the cars had run,
And sleepiness was Nature's due;
The rainy day was almost done,
And both of us had tickets through.

I never saw her face before
We met that morn upon the train—
Met and collided at the door
To 'scape the chill November rain.

One seat we had; but not a word
Said we, nor scarce a look exchanged;
No sound but rattling wheels was heard,
Yet Fate our fate had prearranged.

The night came on, and loneliness
In some way makes us nearer friends;
Her head against my shoulder rests,
Blonde hair with ebon whisker blends.

She slept. Did ever sinful me
A purer, happier burden bear?
Was ever truer ecstacy
Than I experienced then and there?

Ten years in foreign lands I passed,
Yet still I saw that girlish face;
World-wisdom, painfully amassed,
And portly form, devoid of grace,

I brought from far, and in that car
Had once again a ticket through;
My viz-a-viz a stout mamma
Of four great babies; now, would you

Believe that frowsy head of hair
Was once the sunny, girlish flood
Of aromatic blonde, so fair,
That thrilled my young and ardent blood?

'Twas true; and as the oldest boy
Daubed the soft candy o'er my clothes,
I thanked with inward tears of joy
The fate that spared me her and those.

ADIRONDACK SAUCE:

PREPARED BY THE CLIPPER'S OWN COOK.

Presumably, every reader of THE CLIPPER is more or less familiar with the Adirondacks—more, if he happens to have spent a week or month in that land of deer and trout, drinking in the life-giving air, and tasting the sweets of backwood's life; less, if he happens to have drawn his information from books instead of experience. So much has already been printed about this vast wilderness that I should hesitate to add anything more, were I not convinced that some important truths remain as yet untold. Heretofore, in all the guide-books and annuals, the Adirondack region has been considered almost exclusively in the light of a pleasure-ground. It is the purpose of these fragmentary papers to treat of the wilderness not only as a place of recreation, but also as a means of restoring health.

It will be pardoned, it is hoped, if in this sketch some little space is devoted to dissipating a few of the popular illusions which have long existed with respect to the Adirondack wilderness. While cheerfully conceding that the best hunting and fishing in New York State are to be found here, I desire to add that what is "best" in New York would be considered as only tolerable in the West. The sportsman who penetrates these woods for the first time expecting to find deer browsing in herds on the brink of every stream, and schools of trout waiting impatiently for the delusive fly, will be sadly disappointed. There are deer here, undeniably—deer waiting to be shot, provided the huntsman is possessed of patience and skill enough to shoot them; but observation convinces me that these timid animals do not invite self-destruction by holding conventions in conspicuous places. There are trout here, too, any number of them; but they are wise in their generation, and do not, as a rule, accept every fly that is cast with unquestioning confidence. Briefly put, the game and fish of the Adirondacks are not to be had for the mere asking. On the other hand, the stories told by unlucky or unskillful visitors, who come out of the woods before they have got fairly in, must be taken with a good many grains of allowance. It is natural for the man with a new fly-rod, who spends twelve hours on a stretch without landing a single fish, to make up his mind that there are not any trout in the Adirondacks, anyway. And it is to be expected of the embryo hunter, who never so much as gets a glimpse of a deer, that he will report to his friends in the city the eminently unsatisfactory nature of the sport. Between, therefore the too highly colored picture of the enthusiast and the discouraging account of the luckless sportsman, it is well to strike a mean in getting at the truth about the Adirondacks.

Among the lesser inconveniences of life in the woods, that of insects has been harped upon most persistently. The explorer of the wilderness is invariably instructed by the guide-books to provide himself with a gauze bag to pull over his head, gloves, gauntlets, tar-ointments, oil, and as many more contrivances as his purse and patience will permit. He is given to understand that without these safeguards he will be literally eaten up alive. Now, I do not want to rob the Adirondack insects of any of the glory which rightfully belongs to them, but truth compels the assertion that their achievements in the past have been grossly exaggerated. I have known mosquitoes—known them intimately—which, living in the modest retirement of a Bowery lodging-house, could do more effective work in five minutes than Adirondack bugs could in five weeks. The black flies, which come early in the season and disappear almost wholly by the first of July, are not so much of a nuisance, to my thinking, as their successors, the midgets. These latter might justify even the gauze-bag and tar-ointment, were it not for the fact that they can be got rid of much more effectually by the use of a "smudge." A "smudge" is a half-smothered fire, usually built in a tin-pan, which is left in the tent to smoke out the insects. The midgets are small, as becomes their name—so small that you can scarcely see them on the hand—but they have a way of making their presence felt. The best thing that can be said of them is that they die young. Perhaps the gods love them. After the midgets come the mosquitoes—not terrible, as I have intimated, but tolerably troublesome. They disappear for the most part by the first of September, and from that time forth the insect nuisance is at an end. One certainly need not be deterred from visiting the Adirondack region through fear of biting bugs.

A few years ago it was a very common thing (I am told) to run across a bear anywhere in the wilderness. One of the veteran guides gave me a minute description of a famous hunt in which he killed three of these animals in a single day. I am free to say that I am at liberty to believe this story, if he so chooses. For myself, I should be skeptical until I had tasted of the bear's meat. Pretty nearly all the accounts of wild beasts in these woods are to be swallowed with caution, if swallowed at all. Undoubtedly there was a time when the carnivorous animals that wandered unmolested over the very spot where I now write; but he wanders no more. The tourist might travel through the very heart of the wilderness, and, indeed, spend his life in so traveling without once getting eyes on any animal more ferocious than the deer. And if, by some remote possibility, he should happen to run across a solitary, superannuated bear, the chances are that the quadruped would be considerably more frightened than the biped. The wildest feature in the neighborhood is limited from Adirondack life. Indeed, looking with philosophic calmness upon this life—weighing its attractions and its discomforts impartially—there is a good deal that must be eliminated. But that does not rob it altogether of its charm. If the visitor would avoid disappointment, he might do well to briefly recapitulate what has been said, and bear in mind these points: First, that there is still an abundance of game and fish in this wilderness; second, that game and fish do not come up and ask to be captured; third, that flies and mosquitoes are no more troublesome here than in the average city-home; fourth, that the Adirondacks are an extremely poor place to stock a menagerie; and, lastly, that it is impossible to get anything like a correct idea of the great wilderness in a flying trip of a week or fortnight.

With these delusions, which I have found to be widely entertained, dispelled, it will be the aim of these unpretentious letters to tell the truth about the Adirondacks. I shall leave to the guide-books the task of furnishing topographical statistics to those who are fond of that sort of thing. My own efforts at straw statistical information from what should be the best of fountain-heads—the pioneer inhabitants of the woods—have proved anything but successful.

"How high are we here?" I asked one day of a veteran guide. "How much above the sea-level?"

"Wall, now," he answered, gazing meditatively at the sky and caressing tenderly the single yellow tooth that adorns his lower jaw, "I venture to say it's five hundred feet."

"Higher than that, I guess," said I modestly.

"D'yer think so?" he rejoined reflectively. "Five hundred feet is powerful high!"

I held my peace, but took occasion subsequently to propound the same question to another of the oldest inhabitants.

"Can't give yer the exact figgers," said this second sage, "but it's easy five thousand feet—easy!"

Between these two largely-varying but thoroughly trustworthy opinions I have continued to live in delightful uncertainty as to my altitude. But while it would be a thankless task for me to write or for you to print any more of the stereotyped information contained in the guide-books, it may not prove wholly uninteresting nor unprofitable to learn somewhat of the subjects which the guide-books do not touch. The acknowledged veracity of THE CLIPPER'S back-woods correspondent will be evidence sufficient, without figures, of the truth of his utterances.

when fed with oats. The biscuits can be threaded together by means of an iron wire; thus a horse may carry its own food four or five days.

THE TALENT of success is nothing more than doing what you can well, without a single thought of fame.—*Longfellow.*

That Boy.

His mother's old and respected uncle from the country had been visiting the family for a few days. He was very fond of reading, and one day he fell asleep in his chair, which leaned back against the wall. Very peaceful and innocent the old gentleman looked as he slept, his face ceiling-ward, as if he had dropped off while looking at the fly-specks on the wall. The mother of the boy was looking over some beans, as they were going to have some of those elegant berries for dinner. "Ma, is uncle asleep now?" "Yes, dear, and you must be quiet, so's not to wake him up." "Is he sound asleep, ma?" "Yes, yes; do hark!" "If he should fall down off his chair, would it hurt him?" "Why, of course, child. What a question!" Then the little imp took a bean and shied it at his mother's uncle. It struck him plump on the end of the nose. While he was waking up—and it didn't take long—the assassin slid out the back door. The pained and wronged look on the good man's face, as he silently resumed his reading without saying a word, convinced the sheller of beans that her uncle would go down to the grave to sleep with his fathers irreconcilably firm in the belief that she threw the bean at him.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

PARISIAN CHURCHES.—The value of certain churches in Paris is thus given: St. Eustache, 28,397,384 francs, of which 396,701 francs is for works of art and decoration; St. Roch, 16,850,508 francs; St. Germain l'Auxerrois, 12,029,500 francs; Madeleine, 11,471,500 francs; St. Sulpice, 9,200,000 francs; St. Augustin, 7,000,000 francs; St. Clothilde, 5,287,000 francs, of which the decoration has cost 565,000 francs; St. Germain des Pres, 4,500,000 francs; Notre Dame de Lorette and St. Vincent de Paul, each 3,000,000 francs, and twenty-two others at 1,000,000 francs and over. The value of religious buildings for Protestant worship is given at 9,537,888 francs, of which 3,925,621 francs is estimated for the Temple of the Oratoire, St. Honore, and for the two synagogues in the Rue de la Victoire and Rue des Tournelles 4,422,670 francs. The works of art in the shape of paintings, sculpture, frescoes, etc., contained in the churches under the supervision of the city of Paris are valued at 6,116,328 francs, of which 3,797,004 francs is appropriated to paintings, 1,778,940 francs to sculpture, and 949,286 francs to stained glass.

KINDNESS is stowed away in the heart like rose-leaves in a drawer, to sweeten every object around them and to bring hope to the weary-hearted.

Up to Tricks.

A hump-shouldered old man, followed by a dog which seemed to have fasted for a year past, entered a Woodward avenue butcher-shop the other day, and the man made some inquiries about smoked hams. The butcher saw the dog, of course—and who ever saw a butcher who didn't want to know all about a dog?

"Is that a good coon dog?" asked the butcher, as he patted the shy canine on the head.

"Oh, no; he's a trick-dog," answered the owner.

"Is, eh! What tricks can he do?"

"Oh, a dozen or two. He has one very peculiar trick, though. Would you like to see him do it?"

"I would that. What is it?"

The man directed the butcher to put a pound of nice beafsteak on a sheet of clean brown paper, and place the whole on the doorstep. He then said to his dog, which had watched matters very keenly:

"Now, Cato, I am about to call upon you to perform a trick. You have never gone back on me yet, and I have perfect confidence in you now. Cato, do you see that meat?"

Cato saw it. He walked over to it, seized it in his mouth, and as he went up the street it was hard to tell dog from meat.

"Hum, yes!" muttered the butcher; "do you call that a trick?"

"I do," replied the man.

"Well, it's a blasted mean one."

"Just so—just so," said the man. "You couldn't expect such a looking dog as that to be around playing tricks on a guitar or a jewsharp, could you? I'll see you later about the hams."

OR 1880 ARE:

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1880.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

[For answers to amusement questions, see first page of "Theatrical Record."]

☞ QUESTIONS THAT DO NOT REACH THIS OFFICE UNTIL MONDAY MORNING WILL NOT BE ANSWERED UNTIL THE FOLLOWING WEEK.

H.—1. According to the report of the Secretary of War in the Fall of 1865, there were 2,663,062 men furnished the Union Army by the different States during the Rebellion. This statement is of service only so far as it gives an approximate idea. Not included in it were the 120,000 men who in the Summer of 1863 served for periods of two or three weeks, while in it are included the men who enlisted over and over again. Thus, in 1863 and 1864, the 150,000 "veteran volunteers" re-enlisted. 2. As to the nationalities of the men enlisted, this table has been promulgated: Native-American, 1,523,3 9; British American, 53,500; English, 45,500; Irish, 144,200; German, 176,800; other foreigners, 48,400; foreigners whose nativity is unknown, 26,500—total, 2,018,200. This is wholly worthless, not so much because of the 26,500 whose nativity is unknown, as because of the fact that the total is upwards of 600,000 less than the total given to the first question. It is worthless, like, for other reasons.

J. R. S., Warrenton.—A four-handed game of billiards consists of the same number of points as a single-handed game. Instead of its consisting of a greater number, as you seem to fancy, it should consist of fewer points. This is so generally recognized that the charge for a three-handed game is higher than that for a single-handed one, unless the play in the former is two against one. In theory the charge should be no higher for a four-handed partner game than for a single-hand game, but in practice such a game takes longer, and in many rooms there is a higher charge for it than would be made in case two men played the same number of points. The charge for a four-handed game in which all the players are professionals should be at least double what it is when only two are engaged; but the charge is rarely so high as that, because it is seldom that such a game is played.

E. C. B., New Haven.—As you made a special rule for the game, you should have also agreed upon how to settle every dispute possible to arise in consequence of having agreed in the first place to play whiskey-poker in a way different from that in which it should be played. There are only two reasonable ways of settling this dispute—either the money should be added to the account of every player but the one who closed, or it should be added to the score of none, and be deducted from the score of him who closed. As in another case there is a tie when only two scores are five players. One holds four of a kind, and four hold straights of equal value. It was one of the holders of straights who closed the game. Shall he honor the penalty? Has he the lowest hand when there are three others that are no higher?

J. J., Peoria.—There can be but one lone hand at a time at euchre. Two men must have the privilege of playing against it to give it any value, whether they exercise that privilege or not. There is not a prodigious fear for five cards to make five tricks against only five cards, and it is a very simple proceeding for five cards to make three tricks against five cards. It had the right to play alone, and the three tricks he made gave him the game. His opponent had no right to play alone; and as C would have been entitled to but two points (for a euchre) had he made all the tricks, so D could not make more than one without making five tricks, whether he played against C alone or against C and his partner. Finally, not having made or fixed the trump, C could not be even entitled to one.

CONSTANT, Chicago.—1. She was built about a dozen years ago, and has been running up and down the bay pretty constantly. 2. The time she has made cannot be ascertained about the time made by such small boats. They are of the "wheelbarrow" class, and, as compared with large boats, there is no speed in them, even when they are forced for a short distance, and sometimes are being "tripped." They can better be called saucy boats than fast ones. 3. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC. There were a number of boats running to the Hoboken people then. We should have to set on foot an inquiry about the captain in order to get at the name of the boat. 5. See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

J. P. CARTER, Custer City.—It our decision is invited, it is that A counts the three-ball and plays on, the eight-ball being placed on or near the deep-end spot. In accordance with a rule making A's shot foul (so long as his own ball remained on the table) he could not have been printed anywhere; but as every pool player is not a lawyer, he could not be expected to know what he calls "rules," it is possible that some such rule may, either through ignorance or by a printer's blunder, have got into print. Certainly it was not based on as those under which this game was played ought to be in that room. A reference to them should settle this dispute without the necessity of any decision from us.

S. B. B., Silver City, Nev.—The first team of English cricketers visited Australia in 1861-62, and included H. H. Stephenson, captain; George Bennett, Wm. Caffyn, Geo. Griffith, Wm. Mudie, E. Stephenson, Roger Iddison, Thos. Hearne, Chas. Lawrence, Wm. Mortlock, Thos. Sewell Jr., and George Wells. The second team, captained by Geo. Parr, visited Australia in 1863-4, and included Parr, Geo. Anderson, E. M. Grace, Julius Cæsar, Wm. Caffyn, Robert Carpenter, Alfred Clarke, Thos. Hayward, John Jackson, Thos. Lockyer, R. C. Tinley and Charles Lawrence. Teams captained by W. G. Grace, James Lillywhite and Lord Harris, respectively, have also visited Australia.

S. P. H. R., Keyport.—According to the statement of the man loses who bet that he would beat the other. This, at least, is the view THE CLIPPER takes of such matters. It assumes that the acceptor never intended to contest the proposition, and that he did not expressly or impliedly contract that the other shooter would beat. If he expected this, then he took the conversation to be the man's proposition, and a tie made a draw of it. There are people who maintain that the acceptor takes the converse in a case of the kind mentioned, and that the language he uses, he will therefore conclude that making he is one thing, and choosing an arbiter is quite another.

E. S., Toronto.—1. At block-dominoes, if you play a piece in error and your opponent plays on it before it is, and the game goes on until the error cannot be traced to either, it is equally the fault of both players. On the other hand, if you play a wrong piece and your opponent sees it, he should call for a correction or the error at once. His mere assertion that the fault was yours, when it could as well have been his, will not suffice. The time for him to charge error on his opponent is when he can prove the charge. If the error cannot be traced to either, so as to be corrected, that particular hand is void. 2. We know of no such book.

READER, Smyrna.—We have never seen any rule that states that "when there is one ball on the table, and the cue-ball has been pocketed, the other ball must be spotted." Such a rule might by inference require that there should never be any spotting so long as there were more than one object-ball on the table. See answer to "A Regular Reader, Smyrna." Even if the fifteen balls are within the string, the player who is in the act of playing at that ball which is nearest the string-line shall be placed on the deep-end spot. That is the ball to be spotted on all such occasions.

J. M. B., Brooklyn.—1. In order to get the batting percentage we told you to divide the number of base-hits by the number of times at the bat; thus, if a man has been at times to the bat and makes 50 base-hits, he has an average of 500 in decimals. 2. The fielding average can be ascertained in a man puts 200 chances, or it may put 250 chances, the total number of chances offered are 250, and the chances accepted are 200. Now, dividing 200 by 250, you have a quotient of 800 in decimals as the percentage of chances accepted.

A SUBSCRIBER.—"Spoonituls" is right ordinarily. It conveys the idea of three spoons full of contents at times. While unusual, "spoonsful" need not be wrong, since it might convey the idea of the filling of two or more spoons. To destroy this bet, three spoons should be used in the spirit of it. The conversation that accompanied the bet, or the circumstance that gave rise to it, will show its spirit. If a simple question filling of spoons, and the bettors themselves will have to determine it.

J. H., Newark.—1. There should be hundreds of houses in England that make their own gas, as there are hundreds of such in this country. 2. Whether or not the gas is made while the trains in England are travelling, we cannot say; but as railroad trains have been lit by gas in this country there is every reason to believe that the same thing has been done in England. Instead of the gas being made in transit, receivers may have been charged with it before starting.

D. M. D., Silver Cliff.—It is not a foul if, in drawing back after having delivered a stroke at a fifteen-ball, the stricker touches another object-ball. The disturbed ball is to be put back in its place, and the striker continues his play if the stroke was a successful one. This is not a amateur or ordinary billiard-room pool. There is a different provision in a special code framed for professionals exclusively; but that does not govern except by agreement or understanding among contestants.

T. H. D., Rivers Landing.—You will oblige us by stating the exact language of the bet in each instance. This is especially necessary in the case of the question as to rivers. It looks to us as if the bridge question had also been intended out as a "fine point." If the terms of this bet stated, as might be able to guess exactly what is meant by "abutment," and also what is meant by "in the water."

T.—There is no settled way of playing euchre with the joker, and there probably never will be any. It would be unwise for any authority to attempt to frame a code. There would be recognizing this as a game in one whereupon somebody would introduce another card, calling it "clown" or something else. This would call for more rules. The best way is for those who play the "games" as joker-euchre to make rules to suit themselves.

H. W., Evart.—1. The best record at pole-vaulting in this country is that of Myron Hyde, 9ft. 9in., at Detroit, in this city. 2. The distance in geographical miles from San Francisco, Cal., to Melbourne, Australia, is 7,280 miles. To obtain the distance in statute miles you must add 15 to every 100.

J. P.—The call-ace is a special game of cards, and not euchre, as you call it above. You must have a thorough understanding beforehand in order to play it, and there should be a special understanding as to how to play it. Like all other descriptions of games of cards, it can be played in all sorts of ways, and yet not often enough to justify its recognition as a game.

T. W., Boston.—The "spendle" amounting to ten, the "horse" should be twenty, and therefore it should take forty to see the "horse." It is not usual to play "horses" in poker, and consequently they should be made the subject of a special agreement throughout. They are not a part of poker proper.

C. H. F., Moline.—On Aug. 3, 1867, Robert Bonner entered into an agreement to pay a certain price for Dexter, the horse to be delivered to him on Sept. 10 following. The sum of one thousand dollars was paid on Aug. 3, the remainder of the purchase-money being paid after the delivery of the horse.

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E. S., Boston.—A having given 2 three balls out of the three, with the stipulation that they should remain on the table, he has got to pocket eight to win. B must pocket five. We assume from the statement that "A and B are playing fifteen-ball pool, but are counting the balls," that as well have been the will are spilled. The time for him to charge error on his opponent is when he can prove the charge. If the error cannot be traced to either, so as to be corrected, that particular hand is void. 2. We know of no such book.

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THEATRICAL RECORD.

DRAMATIC.

Continued from page 326.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Minneapolis, Minn., "Pauvrette" was continued Dec. 29, 30. "Pocahontas" and "Physician Extraordinary" were given Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 2, 5. Our correspondent says: "On New-Year's Eve Manager Murray and wife (Grace Cartland) extended an invitation to a large circle of friends to meet the members of the company in their parlors at the Opera-house building, where an elegant supper was served, and the social reunion which followed was a very pleasant affair."

THE "QUEEN'S EVIDENCE" COMBINATION is announced to open in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Jan. 5. Joseph Murphy opens a three nights' engagement 12.....Davis' Theatre was closed last week. No engagements.

MRS. G. C. HOWARD'S COMBINATION in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" played in Bradford, Pa., Dec. 29, to a large house.

JOSEPH MURPHY and company are to visit Joliet, Ill., Jan. 5, South Bend, Ind., 6, Logansport 7, Lafayette 8, Dayton, O., 9, Terre Haute, Ind., 10, Louisville 12, three nights.

THE FLORENCES and company are billed in La Crosse, Wis., Jan. 6, Winona, Minn., 7, St. Paul 8, 9, Minneapolis 10.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S "Divorce" Company appeared in Cox's Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 1, matinee and evening, to good business.....A new comedy—written by Wm. H. Gillete, formerly of Hartford, Ct.—called "The Professor," in which Mr. G. plays the title-role, is to be given in the Grand Opera-house Jan. 10.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH and company are to play in Norfolk, Va., Jan. 5, 6, Richmond 7, 8, 9, 10, Augusta, Ga., 12, 13, Charleston, S. C., 14, 15, 16, 17, Savannah 19, 20, Macon 21, Atlanta 22, 23, Columbus 24, Montgomery, Ala., 26, 27, and Mobile 28, 29, 30, 31.

MILTON NOBLES' COMEDY COMPANY is due in Delaware, O., Jan. 5, Steubenville 6, New Castle, Pa., 7, Youngstown, O., 8, Bradford, Pa., 9, Olean, N. Y., 10, Binghamton, N. Y., 12, Scranton, Pa., 13, Wilkesbarre 14, Pottsville 15, Reading 16, Wilmington, Del., 17.

E. T. GOODRICH, who stars in the drama of "Grizzly Adams" and in the sensational comedy of "His Luck, or the Winning Hand," can be addressed in care of this office, as per card.

THE MAUDE OSWALD DRAMATIC COMPANY will show in Pittsfield, Pa., Jan. 5, 6, Garland 7, 8, Cambridge 9, 10. A good useful man is advertised for.

FROM CINCINNATI our correspondent wrote Jan. 3: "At the Grand, Lotta has played a brilliant engagement, dividing the week between 'Musette,' 'Zip' and 'Little Detective.' To-night the stock-company play two petite comedies. Full evening prices were charged at all the matinees, notwithstanding which they were packed. The receipts Christmas were the largest ever received in the house in one day, reaching nearly $3,000. Miss Lotta goes hence to Baltimore. Minnie Palmer's 'Boarding-school' follows. Rice's 'Surprise Party' 12.....D. E. Bandmann and wife opened at Pike's Dec. 29 in 'Narcisse,' which was repeated 30, 'Merchant of Venice' being given 31 'Othello' Jan. 1, 'Hamlet' 2, and 'Narcisse' 3. For the matinee to-day 'Lady of Lyons,' and on Wednesday 'Don Cæsar De Bazan.' The attendance has been very poor. Ada Cavendish follows 5, for two weeks.....Milton Nobles played his second engagement at Heuck's during the week, and has had packed houses. 'A Man of the People' was given until New-Year's Day, when 'The Phœnix' was substituted. F. S. Chanfrau in 'Kit' follows 5.....Harry Rainforth's Comedy Combination returned to the city to-day."

JED. BASSETT'S Bric-a-Brac Comedy Company were at the Wieting Opera-house, Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 29, 30, playing to moderate houses; thence to Auburn 31. Jan. 1, Seneca Falls 2, Waterloo 3, Geneva 5, Oneida 6, Rome 7, Utica 8, Rochester 9, 10. Denman Thompson held the boards 31, Jan. 1. He is billed in Utica 2, Schenectady 3, Springfield, Mass., 5, Holyoke 6, Worcester 7. Lawrence Barrett appeared in his new play "Yorick's Love" 2, to good business.....At the Grand Anthony & Ellis' "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company played 30, to fair business. Oliver Doud Byron, 31, Jan. 1, in "Across the Continent," to moderate business.

AT THE PARK THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., New Year's week, including two matinees, Collier's company in "The Banker's Daughter" played to large patronage. The scenery, furnished by the Dickson Bros., was very fine. Robson and Crane are announced for 5, 6, 7, and the Dillon & Blaisdell Combination in "Our Next President" come 12, for a brief season.....Mrs. Scott Siddons gives dramatic readings at the Park 9.

FIRE.—On the morning of the 1st inst., about 4 o'clock, the Academy of Music Theatre at Logansport, Ind., was discovered on fire near the stage on the third floor. The Fire Department succeeded in extinguishing the flames after the scenery and a grand piano had been ruined. The loss is estimated at $1,200.

A PANIC.—A telegram dated Memphis, Tenn., Jan. 2, says a false alarm of fire during the matinee performance in Leubrie's Theatre caused a confused rush of the audience, principally ladies, to the exits. The curtain was lowered, and order was at length restored, with no more serious result than the fainting of three ladies.

NEW-YEAR'S WEEK in Detroit, Mich., was thus filled: At the Grand Opera-house the Wilkinson "Uncle Tom's Cabin" party played to moderate business, excepting New-Year's Day; prices being reduced—25 and 50 cents. No attraction is announced, and the house will be closed until Adelaide Neilson comes, 15, 16, 17.....At the Detroit Opera-house Grover's "Boarding-house" Company gave five performances Jan. 1, 2, 3, including New-Year's and Saturday matinees, to remarkably large business; also at cheap prices, 25 and 50 cents. "Our Boarding-house" was given 1, 3, "Lispet" 2 and matinee 3. The house will be occupied by local attractions part of the week of 5 and all of the week of 12, "The Drummer Boy" being billed for the latter date. Haverly's Bijou Revelers 19, 20, 21, and "My Partner" 22, 23, 24.

MARRIED.—During the engagement of the Almayne Comedy Company in the Corinthian Academy of Music, Rochester, N. Y., Ada Varley, known to the public as Nard Almayne, was united in the holy bonds of wedlock to Nelson Decker, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Dr. Stratton on Jan. 2. MRS. Decker is a step-daughter of Ion Perdicaris.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 31, Jan. 1, Boston Ideals, assisted by the engagement of Lawrence Barrett, who produced "Yorick's Love" to a large and fashionable audience. Jan. 1 "Ruy Blas" and "David Garrick" were given. Announcements: 5, 6, 7, Mahn's Comic Opera Company in "Pinafore;" 8, 9, 10, Mrs. Brewster, who last year held the office of treasurer, has again been appointed to that position.

HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS occupied the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 29, 30, attracting immense audiences. Our correspondent says: "Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Albaugh and company filled out the week with 'Almost a Life' to fair business. The acting of the principals and also of Mrs. Ettie Henderson, J. C. Padgett and Felix Morris of the support was very good. The last-mentioned gentleman made his first appearance on any stage in this theatre this city, in 1872, when that establishment was under the management of Walter Keeble. That theatre has since been destroyed by fire. Kate Girard's company open Jan. 5.....Oliver Doud Byron and company attracted fair business to Martin Hall with 'Across the Continent.' Jan. 2, and 'Hero' 3. Den Thompson opens in Martin Hall 6."

IRVING'S ROYAL JACKETSCHY JAPANESE TROUPE appeared in the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, during the past week. Business was light, with the exception of the New-Year's afternoon and evening, when the house was packed. Lucien Barnes' Revelers appear this week, C. L. Davis in "Alvin Joslin" being underlined for Jan. 12.....The Grand Opera-house, lately destroyed by fire, is rapidly approaching completion, the work being almost ready up and the roof partly on. It will be opened on Feb. 12, on which date Adelaide Neilson begins an engagement.

BUTLER & BRENNAN'S COMBINATION closed a four nights' season in Granville, N. Y., Jan. 1, and played in Schaghticoke 2, 3. Ex-conductor Harry Stevens, a veteran circus man, is treasurer.

ADA CAVENDISH commenced a week's engagement at Leubrie's Theatre, Memphis, Tenn., Dec. 29, presenting "Much Ado About Nothing." "Lady Clancarthy" was the attraction 30, 31, and New Year's matinee. "The New Magdalen" Jan. 1, 2, and matinee 3.

NUGENT & HOYTO'S COMPANY are to play in Lorain, O., Jan. 5, and Willoughby 12, one week each.

MARY ANDERSON and company are billed in Pittsfield, Mass., Jan. 5, Springfield 6, Holyoke 7, Northampton 8, Worcester 9, 10, Providence 12, 13, Wallingford 14, Newport, R. I., 14, Providence 15, 16, 17, Hartford, Ct., 19, Bridgeport 23.

RICHMOND & VON BOYLE'S COMBINATION appear in South Norwalk, Ct., Jan. 19, Bridgeport 20, 21, 22, New Haven 23, 24, Springfield, Mass., 26, Holyoke 27, Worcester 28, Providence, R. I., 29, 30, 31.

CHARLES ATKINSON AND CLARA ELLARD perform "A Poetical Wooing" in Bennington, Vt., Jan. 6, Cambridge, N. Y., 7, Albany 8, Greenfield, Mass., 9, North Adams 10.

MISS KITTIE LOUGEE and company performed "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Rough Diamond" in Canton, Mass., Jan. 1, to a large house.

ABBEY & HICKEY'S "Humpty Dumpty" and Spanish Students Troupe are to perform in Providence, R. I., Jan. 12, 13, 14, Fall River, Mass., 15, Newport, R. I., 16, Brockton, Mass., 17.

THE NARD ALMAYNE COMBINATION open a brief season in Providence, R. I., Jan. 12, and there close their tour.

THE CORINNE TROUPE are to perform "The Magic Slipper" in Gloucester, Mass., Jan. 5, Bath, Me., 6, Rockland 7, Thomaston 8, Gardiner 9, Hallowell 10, Waterville 12, Dexter 13, Bangor 14, Belfast 15, Calais 17, 19, St. John, N. B., 20, one week.

KATE CLAXTON'S COMBINATION appear in Lancaster, Pa., Jan. 5, Harrisburg 6, Wilkesbarre 7, Elmira, N. Y., 8, Olean 9, Bradford, Pa., 10, Oil City 12, Meadville 13, Greenville 14, Sharon 15, New Castle 16, Youngstown, O., 17, and Cincinnati 19.

IN COLUMBUS, O., in the Grand Opera-house, Robson and Crane played Dec. 31 and New-Year's matinee in "Our Bachelors," and Jan. 1 in "The Comedy of Errors," to crowded houses.....At Gennett's Opera-house Frank Chanfrau in "Kit" Dec. 29 drew a fair house; Miss Adele Belgarde, Dec. 31 in "Hamlet," Jan. 1 "Romeo and Juliet," and matinee "Ingomar," played to moderate houses. Julia A. Hunt made her first appearance this city Jan. 2 in "The Life of an Actress," to a fair house. Our correspondent says: "The piece was well rendered, especially the leading role of Violet, in which Mrs. Hunt appeared with all the force of a talented actress, and with the happiest effects in her songs. This lady exhibits rare talent, her reading is excellent, displaying careful study and good training; she is graceful and pleasing in her acting. She also appeared 3 in 'Fron-Fron,' and at the matinee in 'The Pearl of Savoy.'"

AT HAVERLY'S THEATRE, Brooklyn, last week, Nellie Burgess in "Widow Bedott" attracted full houses. The play was well mounted, and the performance elicited hearty applause. This week Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels appear. "Davy Crocker" is underlined for Jan. 12.....At the Park Theatre J. K. Emmet in "Fritz in Ireland" drew crowded audiences nearly every night. This week Gus Williams is the attraction. "Our Girls" is underlined for 12.

ROBSON AND CRANE, who played in Chillicothe, O., Jan. 2, Springfield 3, are to be in Indianapolis, Ind., 5, 6, 7, Terre Haute 8, Evansville 9, 10, Nashville, Tenn., 12, 13, 14, Chattanooga 15, Atlanta, Ga., 16, 17, Columbus 19, Selma, Ala., 20, Montgomery 21, 22, Mobile 23, 24, and New Orleans, La., Jan., 26, for two weeks.

CHARLES L. HOWARD informs us that he has engaged Slavin's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Combination for one year, and that they are to begin an engagement in Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 12. Also that he has engaged Genevieve Howard to impersonate Aunt Keziah in a comedy entitled "Mrs. Joshua Whitcombe, or Chips," on a tour commencing in New London, Ct., Jan. 15.

MR. AND MRS. HENRY OSBORNE and dramatic company commence an engagement in Mauch Chunk, Pa., Jan. 12.

"DR. CLYDE" was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the first time in that city, Dec. 29, and given during the week to excellent houses. Of the acting, it may be said that Geo. H. Griffiths as Dr. Clyde does the best. He faithfully portrays the bluff, good-hearted old doctor, and tells the story of "the little white rose" with exquisite delicacy and pathos. Chas. Stanley struggled hard to make the most of Higgins, but the part evidently did not fit him Henry Lee's Lord Hammond was not a success in the earlier scenes, his assumption of the languid, blase, indifferent swell lacking naturalness and spontaneity; but in the latter part of the play, where the innate nobility of the young Lord's nature asserts itself, he was, as usual in such phases of character, all that the part demanded. Ernest Bartram failed utterly to identify himself with Mr. Meeker, his acting being hard, mechanical, and destitute of unction. Alice Mansfield was sadly out of her element as Emily Clyde. She is an excellent soubrette, and can play the part of an English servant as American theatre-goers have seldom seen it played; but there her usefulness ends. Praise is due to Katharine Rogers and Mrs. J. J. Prior for their renditions of Lady Hammond and Margaret respectively. The full cast was: Richard Clyde, M. D., George H. Griffiths; Higgins, Charles Stanley; Samuel Meeker, Ernest Bartram; Lord Hammond, Henry Lee; Totbury Simms, George Hoey; Scoriggs, Frank B. Wilson; Barnes, Geo. D. Ezroll; Jacob, J. S. Hoffman; Julia, Katharine Rogers; Emily Clyde, Alice Mansfield; Mrs. Clyde, Annabel Dudley, Margaret, Mrs. J. J. Prior; Anna, Annie Gossin; Jennie, Ella Warren. "Dr. Clyde" is billed till further notice, and at the termination of its run the long-promised spectacular production of "Hamlet" will take place. Apropos of that, Dora Goldthwaite has left the company because Stage-manager Daly had a different idea of the business of Ophelia from that entertained by Miss Goldthwaite, who had been cast for Hamlet's sweetheart. It is among the possibilities that Manager Gemmill's company will produce "Dr. Clyde" at Haverly's Brooklyn Theatre when the Quakers have grown tired of the piece.

HARRY MINER'S COMBINATION drew well at the New National Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Jan. 3. At the matinee 1 much annoyance was caused to the audience by the burning of red pepper, which someone had thrown into the heater. The management offer a reward of $500 for the arrest of the guilty party.....Harley Merry, the well-known scenic artist, who served in that capacity at the Chestnut-street Theatre during the season of 1875-6, commences an engagement 5 in "The Argonauts of '49, or the Idyl of Welcome Canon." The scenery is from the brush of Mr. Merry. He will be supported by his own company.....In the Philadelphia courts Dec. 30 a verdict for $1,243.23 was given to the Conshohocken Stone Quarry Company, in a suit brought by it against Wm. K. Barclay, owner of this house, and Ransom Rogers, contractor for its erection, for stone furnished for the building. The defense was that at the time of the delivery of the stone Wm. A. Gilmore held a yearly lease of the premises, and that Gilmore (now manager of the Grand Central Theatre) ordered the stone, and that no contract for it had been made at that time with Rogers.

VERY SMALL AUDIENCES witnessed Gus Williams' rendition of Adolphe Dinkel in "Our German Senator" during the second and last week of his engagement at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, where he closed Jan. 3. "Sweethearts" and "Our Lawyer" with "Love" 5, two weeks, followed by J. K. Emmet in "Fritz in Ireland" 19.....On New-Year's Day every attache of the house received a gold dollar in a neat little purse, both the gift of Gus Williams. In the evening that gentleman received a handsome gold ring from the attaches. As long ago announced in THE CLIPPER, Geo. K. Goodwin will be the sole manager of this house after Jan. 31. His engagements thus far include Minnie Palmer's "Boarding-school" Combination Feb. 2, Joe Murphy, the "Strategists," the "Celebrated Case" and Raymond Holmes.

MR. AND MRS. MCKEE RANKIN played the second and last week of their engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, to good business, continuing to play "The Danites," and closing Jan. 3.....Under the Gaslight" Jan. 5 by the Walnut-street (Geo. Phillips) Combination.....Will Gillette Jan. 12, in the comedy of "The Professor," which will then be produced for the first time in Philadelphia.

MINNIE CUMMINGS has a few open dates for which she can be engaged to produce her new play of "Suspected." Address G. Ford, as per card.

"YANKEE" LOCKE.—A dispatch from Lowell, Mass., states that "Yankee" Locke the comedian died at Dracutt, his home, on Jan. 5, of typhoid fever. Should this announcement be confirmed, a biography of the deceased will appear in our next issue.

ADELE BELGARDE acted in Springfield, O., Jan. 2, Dayton 3, and opens in St. Louis, Mo., 5 for one week.

JULIA A. HUNT is to play in West Jefferson, O., Jan. 5, and in South Charleston 6.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON and company are under the management of John T. Ford are to play through the South, being billed in Norfolk, Va., Jan. 12.

FREDERICK PAULDING'S COMBINATION, under the management of Frank Lawlor, is reported as billed in Columbus, O., Jan. 5, 6, Johnstown 7, 8, Altoona 9, 10, Harrisburg 13, 14, Alexandria, Va., 15, 16, Petersburg 17.

DOMINICK MURRAY is to make his first appearance with the Madison-square Theatre Company in Providence, R. I., Jan. 8, acting Squire Rodney in "An Iron Will."

THE WEATHERSBY-GOODWIN FROLIQUES commenced an engagement Dec. 27 at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O. "Hobbies" was given throughout the week to good business. Miss Ella Meyer appeared as Minnie Clover 29, Miss Weatherby being indisposed. Haverly's Academy "Pinafore" Company open Jan. 5, and Aldrich & Parsloe's Combination 12, one week each.....John T. Hinds, supported by Foote's Dramatic Company, has appeared in "The Shaugaun" at the Academy of Music the past week, and is to remain until Jan. 8. Mrs. G. C. Howard's "Uncle Tom" Combination are to appear 9, 10.

THE RICHMOND & VON BOYLE COMBINATION are to play in Pittston, Pa., Jan. 5, Scranton 6, Easton 7, Pottsville 8, 9, Reading 10, and open at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., 12, for one week.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON and company remain idle this week.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION, who played in Champaign, Ill., Jan. 2, and Danville 3, are to be in Lafayette, Ind., 5, Delphi 6, Peru 7, Rochester 8, Plymouth 9, 10, Laporte 12, 13, Michigan City 14, and Grand Rapids, Mich., 15, 16.

J. K. EMMET'S COMBINATION is billed in Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 5, Oswego 6, Syracuse 7, 8, Utica 9, Troy 10.

ELIZA WEATHERSBY'S FROLIQUES appear in Pittsburg Jan. 5, one week, Wheeling, W. Va., 12, Youngstown, O., 13, Akron 14, Columbus 15, 16, Dayton 17.

"OURSELVES," a new play, is to be produced this week by the Weathersby-Goodwin Froliques in Pittsburg, Pa.

JOHN T. HINDS and a company are to play in Erie, Pa., Jan. 9, 10.

HARRY MEREDITH of the Janauschek Company, who are still detained in Lincoln, Neb., by the illness of the star, lectured there Dec. 28 on "The Church and the Stage."

A YOUNG LADY PARTNER is wanted by Chas. B. Charles, who advertises for one who can sing.

MAGGIE MITCHELL and company are to be in Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 12, Crawfordsville 13, Lafayette 14, and Indianapolis the rest of the week.

EDEN PLUMPTON is no longer a member of Lawrence Barrett's Combination. Willie Seymour is to play his parts in Philadelphia and Boston.

E. A. MCDOWELL'S COMPANY is billed in Port Hope, Ont., Jan. 5, 6, Coburg 7, 8, 9, 10, Pictou 12, 13, 14.

"THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS" is the title of a new organization that starts out Jan. 1, opening in Wilmington, Del., for two nights, thence through Pennsylvania. Geo. F. Bailey is proprietor, with Chas. E. Furbish as co-manager. M. V. Lingham is stage-director and Prof. Zaulig musical director. In the company are James E. Dunn, Wm. Davidge Jr., Miss Cora Daniels, Ida Van Courtland, and others.

THE JANE COOMBS COMBINATION closed their traveling season in Amsterdam, N. Y., Jan. 3, and returned to New York 5.

THE HYERS SISTERS' COMBINATION and Sam Lucas produced "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., during Christmas-week, to excellent business, as will be seen by the press-notices published in our advertising department. Managers desiring to arrange dates with this company will find their manager T. Bingham Bishop's address in the same department.

SENSATIONAL STARS are wanted by R. Fitzgerald, who advertises. Marie Wellesley is requested to write.

MUSICAL.

A NEW folding pocket music-desk, which can be readily attached to any piece of furniture, making it an article of considerable utility to musicians, is advertised by B. B. Dale in another column, with price.

CURIOSITIES, paintings, tents, organs, etc., enough for two shows, are advertised for hire by Dora Wood.

GEORGE C. DOBSON advertises that he will send one of his best strings free to any person ordering his 25-cent edition of the "Simplified Method for Banjo or Guitar."

"THE BROOKVILLE SCHOTTISCHE" is the title of a piece of new banjo-music just published by S. S. Stewart, whose address find in another column.

KATE THAYER'S CONCERT COMPANY is announced for Chattanooga, Tenn., Jan. 5, Nashville 6, Louisville, Ky., 7, Covington & Columbus, O., 9.

J. RANDALL WALLACE, piano-soloist, advertises for an engagement with a concert company.

TWO MUSICIANS desire engagements. See "Cornet and Flute's" advertisement.

THE EMMA ABBOTT OPERA COMPANY sang in Waterloo, Ia., Dec. 29, Des Moines 30, 31, Rock Island, Ill., Jan. 1, Monmouth 2, Quincy 3, and are announced in Topeka, Kas., 5, 6, St. Joseph, Mo., 7.

ANNIE CELESTE CONNELL, the wonderful musical phenomenon, whose performances on the piano and organ have occasioned—although she is but a child-artist—both surprise and delight at her skill and expression, is meeting with decided success for an attraction so little known; and, according to Manager Thomas Warhurst's report to us, she is becoming rapidly famous. The Celeste Concert Company, of which she is the feature, is managed solely by Mr. Warhurst, who is also director of Blind Tom's concerts, and they are both played over the same route, about two weeks apart. Celeste, who is an Irish-Australian girl, has the assistance in her concerts of the vocalist Miss Alice L. Clark, a soprano vocalist and local favorite in the West. She performs in Ames, Ia., Jan. 5, Boone 6, Fort Dodge 7, Cherokee 8, Le Mars 9, Sioux City 10. See T. A. Warhurst's card for special information in regard to this musical sensation.

BLIND TOM is performing through Nebraska, and goes South to St. Joseph, Mo.; then West through Colorado.

"SONGS OF THE STREET," a medley of the title of popular songs, is published by Chadsey & Smith. The card.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER, who can furnish a tuba performer or second violin and alto, desires an engagement. See J. R. Lytle Jr.'s advertisement.

AN ORCHESTRA OF THIRTY PIECES is wanted by F. W. G., who advertises.

AT THE FRENCH OPERA-HOUSE, New Orleans, La., Strakosch's Italian Opera Troupe are in their last nights of a successful season. "Faust" was given Dec. 25, with Mlle. Singer as Marguerite, Signor Storte as Valentine, and Mons. Castlemary as Mephisto. "Il Puritani" 30 and "Il Trovatore" 31 are underlined.....The Kate Munroe Concert Troupe appeared at Grunewald Hall 29 to a moderate-sized audience. Our correspondent says: "Mme. Teresa Carreno, Sig. Tagliapietra, M. Arbuckle and Mrs. Helen Norman were, as usual, excellent in their respective parts. Miss Thayer was the recipient of several handsome floral favors and flattering applause."

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—Grau's French-opera Troupe closed a two weeks' season at the Academy of Music 3. It was not a success financially.....Philadelphia amateurs will give a "frog opera with pollywog chorus" at the Academy of Music 8, 9, and afternoon 10. The opera is founded on the familiar nursery-ballad, "A Frog He Would a Wooing Go."

.....Carl Gaertner will give a series of classical concerts in the foyer of the Academy of Music, commencing 7.....J. Sousa, leader of the orchestra with the defunct Gorman Church-choir Opera Company, and Jennie Bellis, late a member of the same organization, were married in the Quaker City Dec. 30.....Blanche Chapman, primadonna, of York, Pa., Zimmerman's English-opera Company, has been quite ill, but is now convalescing.

D. S. THOMAS' LILIPUTIAN OPERA COMPANY are announced in Brandon, Vt., Jan. 5, Middlebury 6, Vergennes 7, St. Albans 8, Stratton 9, Burlington 10, Waterbury 12, Montpelier 13.

ALICE OATES' OPERA COMPANY are to appear in Norwalk, Ct., Jan. 6, Bridgeport 7, New Haven 8, 9, Hartford 10, Waterbury 12, Ansonia 13, Meriden 14, Willimantic 15, Norwich 16, Woonsocket, R. I., 18, Fall River, Mass., 19, Newport, R. I., 20, Brockton, Mass., 21, Taunton 22, New Bedford 23, and Chelsea 24.

THE SCHUBERT CLUB of Salem, Mass., gave their first concert Dec. 30, the soloists being Clara L. Emslie, soprano; Dr. S. W. Langmaid, tenor; Clarence E. Hay, basso-cantante, and Wm. F. Sherwin, cornet.

THE BOSTON ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY, under the management of S. C. Bennett, present "The Bells of Corneville" in Salem, Mass., Jan. 12.

EDWARD A. CARY, pianist, Albert Van Raalte, violinist, and the Temple Quartet appear in concert in Brooklyn, Mass., Jan. 7.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Buffalo, N. Y., the past week, Mahn's Comic-opera Company sang "Fatinitza" to good business. An extra matinee was given Thursday. They play in Rochester 5, 6.

DORA DEAN, vocalist, has been engaged to be billed in Farmer's City, Ill., Jan. 9, Clinton 10, Atlanta 12, Mount Pulaski 13, Lincoln 14, Dwight 17.

"THE ROUTE OF THE BERGERS' Concert Troupe, with Sidney Burt, humorist, is: Connersville, Ind., Jan. 12, Nashville 13, Shelbyville 14, Columbus 15, Madison 16, New Albany 17, Salem 19, Orleans 20, and Marie Nelson, and James and Katie Edwards. Harry Woodson, Miss Carlotta Banks, Raymond and Murphy, James and Ocie Hall and the Leons were the new attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music Dec. 29. Attendance good. Closed Jan. 4: Harry Williams and Hoyden Sisters to New York; James and Ocie Hall and Carlotta Banks, destination unknown; Raymond and Murphy, Bradford, Pa.; Nies and Evans and Dockstaders, Chicago; Nellie Germon and Williams and Sully, Cleveland. Alhambra Burlesque Troupe is billed for Jan. 5, which is advertised as Indian week. Miss Effie Johns as Julia, Harry Sinclair as Master Walter, and Harry Clifton as Clifford were all called before the curtain for meritorious acting. An olio concluded the entertainment.

THE BOYD BROTHERS' COMBINATION played in Salamanca, N. Y., Jan. 1, Allegheny 2, Olean 3, and are due in Wellsville 5, Anderson 6, Cuba 7, 8, Cramptom 9, Elmira 10. The company now includes W. L. Smith, Charles Smith and Mrs. W. L. Smith, Swiss bell-ringers; D. S. Halstead, and Jerry and Walter Dashington.

AT THE ADELPHI, Terre Haute, Ind., the departures Jan. 3 were Lulu Bennett and McGill and Ryland, to Cincinnati, O. Billed for 5: John Reese, Ada Morrison and Glenn Sisters.

ALL PERFORMERS engaged for the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., are referred to Manager Chas. O. White's card elsewhere, in which he lays down some of the rules of the establishment.

CHAS. MORRIS, of the Continental Four, is referred to W. C. Mathews' advertisement.

THE AUSTINS—Charles and Emma—characters-sketch and dialect artists, announce that they have canceled all dates ahead, having joined the Keystone Kor cart and Komedy Kompany for the entire season.

"SKETCHES" advertises for a lady partner.

MITCHELL'S THEATRE COMIQUE, St. Louis, Mo., presented Leroy and Adams, Della Turner, Billy Sweatnam, Prof. Morris and dogs, Clark and Adams, Hallan and Hart, and Max Arnold as last week's company. Lerman and Clark and Hallan and Hart and Hallan and Hart close for Chicago 3; Prof. Morris, destination unknown. Coming 4: The Fieldings, Vickers and Rogers, Wilson and Haile, the Russells, John Riley, McCreedy and Gus Leach. Business fair.

AT THE LONDON PALACE VARIETIES, Albany, N. Y., the arrivals Jan. 5 were Julia Walcott, Alice Sherwood, Oreana Herbert and Maggie White. Departures Jan. 3: Leland Sisters, to New York; Billy Hogan and Bryan O'Lynn, to Paterson, N. J. Lady specialty artists are wanted. See card.

WALDMANN'S, Newark, N. J., last week was occupied by the Watson-Ellis-Kernell Combination the past week, who did a fine business. Watson and Ellis and the Kernells gave their specialties; Gus Hill in his club-swinging act proved a strong attraction; Thatcher and Hume, Clara Moore, Suydam Brothers, R. C. Nelson, Alice Manola and Ida Hazleton to arrive 5: Bent Brothers, Mlle. Etta, Archie White, Ella Esmond, Annie Leslie, Ashton and Geyer, Haley and Hardy, De Witt Cooke, and Parker and dogs.

.....The Metropolitan did only a fair business. The Hawkins-Waldron Combination Theatre presented "The Hunchback" in an acceptable manner. Miss Effie Johns as Julia, Harry Sinclair as Master Walter, and Harry Clifton as Clifford were all called before the curtain for meritorious acting. An olio concluded the entertainment.

THE RENTZ-SANTLEY NOVELTY COMPANY is to amuse the public of Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 12, 13, Red Wing 14, Winona 15, Lacrosse 16, Dubuque, Ia., 17.

MORTON AND MILES, Irish character artists and vocalists, have just closed an engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, and Manager Gilmore rates their business as "really very fine." They open at Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., Jan. 12, and at the Coliseum, Detroit, Mich., 19.

LARGE AUDIENCES greeted the new appearances at the Knickerbocker Theatre, Louisville, Ky., last week. They included Howard Dorr and Son, Mlle. Lucille, Prof. H. J. Campbell, Cummings and Mack, George and Lizzie Benson, and Marlow and McBride. Closing 3: Prof. S. Rhinehart, to Cincinnati; Crumley and De Forest and Bryant and Saville, Chicago; Maurice and Ryan, St. Louis; Minnie Gray, Danville; and Minnie Clyde and Georgie Lingard, Pittsburg.

.....Standing-room Only" was displayed nightly at the Metropolitan Theatre, the attraction being Si Salem's Female-minstrels. This week they close. The new appearances were Will Loveley, Emma Morton, Frank Leroy, Wallace and Taylor, Maggie Revere, Maggie Smith and Mollie Morton. Departures: Johnny Donaldson, Daisy Raymond and Billy and Lydia West, to Memphis; Jennie Montague, St. Louis.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Bradford, Pa., Wingfield and Gregory, horizontal bar; Lille De Lange and Rose Lawrence, serio-comics; Lottie Cushman, balladist; Morton and Miles in Irish business; the Virginia Trio—Mme. Turner, Velcini and Marie—in songs and clogs; and the Martell Bros., gymnasts, appeared Dec. 29 to good business. Departures 3: Wingfield and Gregory and the Virginia Trio, to New York; Martell Bros., Chicago. Booked for 5: The Mendels, Raymond and Murphy, Lynn Sisters, Nellie Bland, and Pell and Lewis. C. H. McDonald, the business-manager, benefits 3.....At the Academy of Music Kelly & Hadley's Combination opened Dec. 29 for a two weeks' engagement. They give a first-class entertainment, and have been liberally patronized.

THE FRESH APPEARANCES at the National Theatre, Hartford, Ct., the past week were Sarsfield & Boyd, the Miranda Sisters, Billy Maloney, Mabel Grey, Laura Bennett, Capitola Forrest, Frank Lewis, Press Eldridge, Alice Gleason, Lou Sanford, C. H. Yale, Otiva Nichols, Mattie Seymour, W. H. Johnson, and W. S. Irvin. Leaving Jan. 3: Boyd and Sarsfield and the Mirandas, to New York; Billy Maloney and Mabel Grey, Philadelphia; Capitola Forrest and Laura Bennett, Boston; Frank Lewis, New Haven, Ct. Coming 6: Goldie, Steele & Sallie St. Clair, the D'Alve Sisters, the Budworths, Charles Redmond, Georgie Blake, and the Alfredos. Miss Henderson, announced for 29, did not arrive. The company played in Roberts' Opera-house New-Year's Night to a large audience.

TRUDELL AND BOWERS, trick bone-duettists, statue clog-dancers and acrobatic song-and-dance artists, and Dell Trudell, serio-comic, can be engaged through Willis Ross, agent, whose address find in advertisement.

PERFORMERS are wanted at Winkler's Winter Garden, Springfield, Mass. Address Ed Heeney, manager.

AT THE OLYMPIC, Brooklyn, this week, the new people are Grimaldi Morris, Frankie Georgieson, Belle Winters, and Magee, Walling, French, and Mack.....At the Volks' Theatre, the business New-Year's week was immense. This week the new faces are Delehanty and Hengler, Kelly and Ryan, the Richmond Sisters, the Pesaleys, and Ida Morris, with "Muldoon's Picnic" as the new piece.

AT TOOKER'S VARIETIES, Norfolk, Va., Charles N. and Martha Steen left Jan. 3 for Washington, D. C., and Maggie Middaugh and Rose Elmer for New York. To arrive 5: Mabel Wallace, Allston and Flynn and Mlle. Lisette.

MINNIE JACKSON, Chas. A. Grear, Monroe and Perry, Chas. Waterfield, Nellie Waters and the stock company, comprising Lizzie Wesner, Tom Robinson, Senorita Solida, Fannie Prestige, Dan Leeson, M. Heppard, Chas. Stanley, Fulton Myers, Fannie Lucille, Miss Latrobe and Addie Rogers were new at Fox's Standard Theatre, Philadelphia, last week. Coming 5: Edward Leopold, Chas. Mauritius, Nellie Thorne, Frank Moran, May Raymond and Chas. Waterfield.

AT THE ALHAMBRA, Philadelphia, the attractions for the week ending Jan. 3 were Tom and Henrietta Murray, Emma Leon, Landis and Steele, Geo. and Marie Nelson, Winnetta Craven and Tom Hedges, the Four Eccentrics—Perry, Magrew, Curdy and Hughes—and Wm. and Claudia Ripley. Business good. Hines and Blossom, Daisy Remington, May Arnott, Mr. and Mrs. Brennan and Capt. George Llable, Millie Russellie, Alice Martyne, and Billy Loring open 5.

AT HARRY PECKER'S AMERICAN THEATRE, this city, is advertised in this issue.

PERFORMERS engaged to appear at the Bowery Garden Theatre, this city, are referred to Stage-manager W. Devere's card in regard to matinee performances.

PAT ROONEY'S COMBINATION will be in Stamford, Ct., Jan. 5, Norwalk 6, Danbury 7, Bridgeport 8, New Haven 9, 10, Middletown 12, Willimantic 13, Providence, R. I., 16, 17, Newport 19, Gloucester, Mass., 27, Biddeford, Me., 31.

THE HUMB BROTHERS and George W. Snow, whose specialties are the sketch of "The Chinese Laundry in an Uproar" and triple (black-face) songs-and-dances, advertise their address.

THE KINE BROTHERS have engaged for the rest of the season with the Big Four Minstrels.

ARTISTES engaged by Frank Nelson for the Theatre Comique, Springfield, Mass., are notified by Gustave Gruendler, proprietor, that their dates hold good, and first-class performers desiring engagements are requested to apply to him. Harry Wood is stage-manager.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Berry's Broadway Theatre, Brooklyn, E. D., last week, were Nellie Amon, serio-comic; Harry Sheldon, juggler; Dick Turner and Sadie Dunbar, songs-and

THE TRUE STORY OF RICHARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY VANDYKE BROWN.

The story of King Richard, No. 3,
Appears to have been left to tell by me.
That fellow Shakespeare's version's heretic,
And does injustice to the Kingly Dick.
Here is the simple truth. Young Richard, who
Was Duke of Glocester (not in Massachu.
Setts, but in England) yearned—a natural thing—
To give up dukingly life and be a king.
Now, in the path of his ambition stood
A brace of nephews, one of whom by blood,
And not by any virtue of his own,
Was legally entitled to the throne.
[There were some other obstacles, but these
The Duke beheaded with dispatch and ease.]
The nephews were—if history's no deceiver—
Still at the age of croup and scarlet-fever,
And liable to whooping-cough at any hour—
Wherefore this uncle placed them in a tower.
He also kindly volunteered, to fill
His little nephews grew to age, to fill
The vacant throne, which to the boy, of course,
Was nothing to a rattle or tin horse.
Kind-hearted Richard! Yet it is a fact
That some have blamed him for this very act;
Which proves to show the utter thanklessness
Of those who seek their uncle in distress!
Well, when the nephews didn't die,
And didn't even seem inclined to cry,
Their uncle came to see them in the tower,
And after pointing out the curse of power,
And dwelling on the burdens Crowns do wear
Unless they forthwith climbed the golden stair,
And reading from their Sunday-school books how
Good little boys died young, as all do now—
When this he'd done, he waited, nothing loth,
Until they fell asleep, then smothered both.
That fellow Shakespeare and some others say
The job was done in quite a different way:
They claim that Richard let the contract out
To other parties—which admits of doubt—
For all the history of the world has shown
That hands like that are better played alone.
Confederates are apt to let the air in—
Besides, King Richard wasn't that kind of hairpin!
I shake the spear of fact at old Shakespeare,
For Richard did it as you see him here!
The nephews dead, their Uncle Dick decreed
To take the crown and be a king indeed.
He'd rather not, he said—he wasn't hearty—
But still he'd do it. The people prayed him to marry;
And what reward was paid him for his pains?
Why, this—they killed him on the Bosworth plains!
And that was all he got, King Richard 3,
For being what he wanted most to be.
And for that famous horse—but let that pass.
No man could grab in his whole life (or was)
A kingdom for a horse, when there are plenty
At decent prices that can go in :20.

Such, briefly, is the story of this king;
And really 'tis a most amazing thing
That people nowadays should seek to cast
Opprobium on a monarch of the past,
Or rank a man among the scum and refuse
For merely killing off two little nephews.

AT EVERY HAZARD;
OR,
THE BLACKWELL ENTANGLEMENT

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR McCANN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by FRANK QUEEN, in the year 1879.]

CHAPTER XXIV—AFTER MIDNIGHT.

Richard Rolliner, having taken this decided step with regard to Dacey Blackwell's pretensions in regard to Irene, could now afford to think again of his own business; and for the next five or six hours of this day he was engaged about affairs of a less sentimental character—those of the world of commerce.

Late in the evening, pretty well fagged, he returned to his hotel for dinner. He was not destined to enjoy that meal with the perfect abandonment from disturbing thoughts which the faculty pronounce necessary to proper digestion.

A letter awaited him. The postmark was Chicago, and the handwriting that of James Milhurst. Rolliner seized it eagerly, and lost no time in making himself master of its contents:

CHICAGO,

DEAR SIR: Since my last communication the developments in the Blackwell affair have been of the most extraordinary character. You will be surprised, and perhaps dissappointed, to learn that I was utterly mistaken in the statements made by my former letter concerning Mr. Dacey Blackwell. He has never been married. There were not four persons in his party here, but only three—himself, his sister, Miss Constance, and the girl Stella Ryse. The entire group, I have reason to believe, are at the bottom of a most startling conspiracy, in which them is connected a mystery perhaps unparalleled even in fiction; but I am absolutely certain that the clue is almost within my grasp. Already there has been a crime; further crime is contemplated, which, however, vigilance and caution can prevent. It is necessary for us to wait a short time longer before taking measures; but at the proper moment rely upon me to act with certainty and decision. Very respectfully yours, JAMES MILHURST.

With his surprise Rolliner experienced some natural annoyance; he was severed with Milhurst.

"Everything in the other letter, then, was a mistake; Dacey Blackwell has never had a wife; and if Irene made the test I recommended, nothing of course followed but a good deal of embarrassment for her, and I have forfeited her friendship, and, more than that, her reliance upon my good sense. What a frightful blunder! I should not have acted so precipitately upon Milhurst's information, as it turns out, wrong and wide of the mark. My confidence in him is shaken; a rascal like Dacey Blackwell is more than a match for ten Milhursts' in cunning, in everything. How can I repair this miserable *faux-pas*? Can I decently ask Irene to forget the foolish embarrassment I led her into? I said that if I was mistaken she might never speak to me again. I deserve that exclusion from her friendship. I deserve the worst treatment she can give. But it is too late? Has she seen Blackwell and heard his proposal? Yes, yes; and when confronted with the accusation of having a wife already he of course denied it, demanded her authority, which she had the right in the event of failure to give, and now he has the privilege of denouncing me as a slanderer and coward."

In all this, as we know, he was mistaken; Dacey Blackwell had shown trepidation and terror, the presence of *guilt* of some sort; but Mr. Rolliner was not to learn that fact for some hours yet.

Meanwhile his dinner was utterly spoiled, and his evening likewise. He read his letter twenty times, but that made nothing clearer, and rather the reverse. "A most startling conspiracy," said Milhurst; and a little farther on: "With the Blackwells is connected a mystery perhaps unparalleled even in fiction." * * * Already there has been a crime; further crime is contemplated." This could only mean murder; someone had been murdered, and her remains (for it was a woman beyond doubt) placed in the green carpet-bag for burial in the river. The rest was darkness.

The result of Rolliner's reflections was this telegram, despatched just before he went to bed:

Write me full details of what you have discovered and have absolute proofs.

He stood by the telegraph-office below while this was sent on its way to his agent in Chicago, smoked a final cigar, and then retired.

About an hour afterwards he was awakened from a light doze by a telegram, not from Milhurst, but a "district" message from Irene Hernsdale:

I wish to see you at once. IRENE.

A wire-dispatch is always startling, and how much more so if you are called up in the middle of the night to receive one. Rolliner dressed hurriedly, we may suppose, and in a good deal of alarm, but in his mind was the thought "Something has happened," and how pregnant of direful meaning that phrase, vague enough in itself, may often be, most of us have experienced.

He went quickly to Mr. Folroyd's residence, and had hardly touched the bell when the door was opened by Hughes, who had been waiting for him.

"What is the matter, Hughes?"

"Miss Irene will see you in a moment, sir," replied that noncommittal domestic. "Walk into the drawing-room," he added, being unconscious of anything so low as the American parlor.

So into the drawing-room went Richard, and after about five minutes Irene made her appearance.

She was crying, and in great distress.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "Mr. Folroyd is very ill—he has had a paralytic seizure, and has been unconscious ever since. It is all owing to that woman; she wrote him a letter, and—and at the moment he read it he was seized with a kind of fit—and—and I have been so frightened and miserable."

This was rather incoherent; but it showed Rolliner that the truth exceeded his worst fears. He offered Irene what consolation he could think of, and after a little she grew more composed, and was able to talk now to the purpose.

But her more collected narrative did not improve the situation, except on the point of clearness. Mr. Folroyd had had the paralytic stroke at eight o'clock that evening. A manager brought him a letter, which he read, sitting in his evening-gown by the light, and immediately was, with a countenance white and fixed, and after taking a few steps across the floor fell, and had not spoken or showed consciousness since. Doctors had been summoned, one of whom was still upstairs with him.

"I suppose I cannot go up—and what would be the use? Have you any idea what was in the letter?"

"Yes; I don't know whether I had any right to read it, but I did so, and it was from Miss Blackwell."

He listened with a stern eagerness, and she continued:

"From Miss Constance Blackwell, and was signed by her. I have put it away under lock and key in a safe place. I was greatly shocked when I read it; the contents confirmed my worst suspicions—they were really engaged to be married, and it was to have come off very soon. But all is over now—the latter in the most abrupt and cruel way breaks the engagement; I could not fancy a lady writing to anyone in such terms—and to him of all!"

"And the reasons for this—does the note give any?" inquired Richard anxiously.

"Yes; it speaks of the unfitness of the contemplated marriage from the different points of view—age, dispositions, and so on; and also of the opposition and difficulty that would follow, and of the painful criticism to be expected from every quarter; and there are other vague hints—in fact, it is a very singular performance altogether, and a very skillful one; she must have spent a good deal of thought over it."

Richard would have given something handsome to see the letter for himself, but did not like to ask that privilege.

"I don't know," he returned musingly. "Sending it so suddenly, and by special messenger at eight o'clock in the evening—does not that look odd? Something must have occurred."

Irene looked down for a minute and was silent, and then, raising her head, said:

"Well, one might connect it with what happened in this room a short time after you left this morning. Mr. Dacey Blackwell was here."

"Oh!" said Rolliner, profoundly interested, of course.

And now she told him the story, briefly, but without omitting anything of importance; and never since the world began, I dare say, had story-teller a more absorbed listener.

At the end Rolliner showed his amazement very plainly.

"And you are sure he was—was *frightened* when you accused him of having had a wife already?"

"It was genuine fright; he was white as death, and great drops of perspiration started out from his forehead, and he said with a husky gasp: 'How does anyone know what I did in Chicago?' There is something wrong, I feel certain; he may have deserted his wife there."

"There is something wrong, indeed," returned Richard; "but I have positive information that he has never been married. Your question startled his fears upon another point; there is something at the bottom of all this which we have not the slighest inkling of yet. Yes, you are probably right to connect the letter this evening with what occurred this morning; he reported everything to his sister, and they are both alarmed; the sudden decision to break off indicates, I am afraid, flight."

"You do think he will leave New York?"

"I do. Those people have been engaged in some sort of villainy, and they imagine from your hint this morning that we have found a clue to it; they are greatly alarmed, and I shall not be surprised to find, on going to Miss Blackwell's lodgings to-morrow morning, that she had left them, and the same of her brother."

"I always distrusted Miss Blackwell," said Irene, "without having met her."

"And Dacey—had you more confidence in him?" inquired Richard rather reproachfully. He could not help thinking how illogical girls are. Miss Blackwell is condemned instantly as an adventuress of the most unscrupulous type; but her brother, being handsome and fascinating, one is not so sure about.

"I had no reason to distrust him until this morning," returned Miss Hernsdale very quietly.

"Yes," said Richard, after a pause; "this letter this evening means flight, you will see. I shall call at Miss Blackwell's before ten o'clock to-morrow morning. The conspiracy, I think, has exploded, and prematurely; she was to marry your guardian, and Dacey was to marry you. That was clearly the plan."

"Perhaps," sighed Irene: "but there are many objections to that theory. I do not hold to it very strongly—at least of late; not so strongly as some time ago."

Rolliner interpreted this speech as another saving clause in favor of Dacey, and, not caring to attempt a conversion to his own view, said:

"I am only keeping you up, to remain longer; I suppose I can do nothing; but I am glad you sent for me—I am only too glad to be at your service at any moment," he added, venturing further than anything but the circumstances might warrant, and even pressing her hand; but of course he only intended to show her how true and energetic a friend he could be in times of crises and trouble. "Don't hesitate to call on me whenever you think proper."

"Yes," she smiled; "you are an old friend."

Although not given, since a good many years, to profanity, I am afraid Richard inwardly cursed this phrase with vehemence; she might have said a "genuine" friend, or used any form to the same purpose; but after a certain period of life one grows to distrust and abhor references to the passage of time, no matter in what connection.

He would not allow her to accompany him to the door; but bade her good-night there, going home with too much to think about to hope for sleep.

CHAPTER XXV—THE GIPSY.

Dacey's bearing next morning certainly did not indicate that *he* had much notion of flight, whatever his sister's plans might be. The sun shining in at the windows of his lodgings found him in dressing-gown and with a cigar, chatting with Miss Stella Ryse. The sun was nearly three hours high, however, before it could contrive to get a peep over the intervening roof and chimney-stacks into Mr. Blackwell's apartments, and the time was therefore not far from ten o'clock.

The handsome gipsy girl was leaning upon the back of Dacey's chair, with one of her arms about his neck. Now, it was a little singular, and the fact had attracted the young man's observation, that while Stella's own neck was more, Grandpa wrung their necks and sold 'em For Spring-chickens at the store: And sometimes he'd sweep their produce For a demijohn of rum, And would make himself conspicuous On a parish "bust." How I loved to hear the rooster Singing to the rosy morn, And the warbling of his harem When "another egg was born." Now, whene'er I taste of poultry, Though it be diluted soup, Memory will quickly wander Back to grandpa's old hencoop. [*Rights not reserved.*] CHARLEY RUSSELL.

"Put On the Brakes."

MOTTO SONG—BY CHARLES W. FISH.

Advice to you all will do you no harm,
So don't be annoyed, I pray;
The world is getting so wise and so fast,
'Tis hard to keep up with the day.
Our railroad trains are beating Old Time,
But revenge me quickly he takes
When neglectful men fail whose duty it is
To be ready to put on the brakes.
Chorus.—Put on the brakes if you're going too fast—
'Twill do you no harm to know
That life and its pleasures the longer will last
If you'll put on the brakes and go slow.

With a friend now and then a drink you will take,
To be sociable, jolly and free;
At first in small doses, but later they'll grow
As age slowly creeps upon thee:
A thing to be shunned by each passer-by,
A drunkard's grave finally takes;
So, if with a social friends tempt you to drink,
Just think to put on the brakes.
Chorus.—Put on the brake if you're going too fast, etc.

A small game of cards to be social, you know,
And assist to pass away time,
An invitation you oft will hear—
This fearfully leads to the crime;
Alluring it is, beyond the least doubt;
How fearfully great the mistake
For a passion debased to rule over your own soul—
So remember to put on the brake.
Chorus.—Put on the brake if you're going too fast, etc.

Although we may sneer at the advice of the wise,
Gray heads know what's best, rest assured;
Accept them as guides on the road to the end,
Be not by temptation allured.
To have the mind free from all twinges of sin,
Gives forth from all pain,
Be true to yourself, do as much good as you can—
You need never then put on the brake.
Chorus.—Put on the brake, etc.

Laugh and Be Merry.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY HARRY BRUNO

AS SUNG BY THE RAPID-TRANSIT VOCALISTS, DAVE ROCHE AND HARRY BRUNO.

Now, ladies and gents, to you, one and all,
I've come out again in response to your call;
I've sung many songs in my time, but not new,
And now I'll sing one I'll make about you.
Chorus.—Laugh and be merry, laugh and be merry,
Don't you get mad while I sing about you.

Please pay close attention as I go along,
For while I am singing I'll make up my song;
You must not get angry at what's said or done,
For remember it's lasting, and all said in fun.

Now, the first of my subjects is one that I see
With that handsome blue necktie looking straight up to me.

With hair very slick with the aid of soap-fat,
He's a Frenchman from Dublin—his first name is Pat.

Now, there sits a young lady—she appears of good cheer—
I can tell by her nose she is fond of her beer;
She takes in the pleces and the balls of the day—
For the washing of linen she never does pay.

Now, there sits another, just there by my right—
He looks like a "Plum" that's gone to fight;
He strolls around the Bowery and cuts quite a dash—
He is very fond of that dizzy moustache.

Down there sits a young lady, looking all over the hall,
Waiting to see where the next shot may fall;
She'd better keep quiet, or I will let these folks know
How often she fondles and kisses her beau.

And there stands another, with a flour-starched collar—
He thinks he is so charming the girls will all follow;
There is one thing quite certain, and that he well knows—
He is making a splurge with his brother's best clothes

Now, ladies and gents, I have kept you too long,
Making my jingles and singing my song;
To please you to-night I have earnestly striven,
And hope for all wrong I shall be forgiven.

In conclusion, I ask you to call here again,
And like my songs and my songs and refrain;
Throw off all your sorrow about the hard times,
And come and hear Bruno in his comical rhymes.

ANOTHER DOG STORY.—The smartest Newfoundland dog yet discovered lives at Haverhill, Mass. He meets the newsboy at the gate every morning, and carries his master's paper into the house—that is, he did so till the other day, when his master stopped taking the paper. The next morning the dog noticed the boy passing on the other side without leaving the newspaper, went over and took the whole bundle from him, and carried them into the house.

OPPOSITE THE OPERA-HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK DUMONT.

First the agent, smiling, winking,
Passed her window o'er and o'er;
Then, placing programmes on the show-case,
Stood for a moment at the door:
Then the merry minstrels sauntered
To and fro upon the street,
Casting sheep's-eyes towards the window
Where sat the sweetest of the sweet.

It was strange to watch the antics
Of the "mashers," one and all,
As they spied the pretty milliner
Seated opposite the hall.
The flutist tried his best to charm her
With the wailing of his flute,
But the trombone-player "rilled" it
With his fiendish, brassy toot;

Then the clarionetist, also,
Peered from 'neath his lurking place,
Blowed "fantasies" and cadenzas
Until he seemed black in the face.
The violins were also rasping
As each player strove to win
But one smile from the little lady
Lier'ning to this awful din.

Then the song-and-dance contortionists
Threw her flapjaps by the score,
Each "masher" tolling for "recognition"
From the beauty whom they saw.
But why this sudden lull of music,
This dread silence in the hall?
What has caused this change of programme?
The milliner's husband—that is all.

AN EDITOR'S STORY
OF A NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY REUBEN B. HILL.

The twentieth year that I have sat in this same old chair and guided the helm of *The Morning Star!* And yet I'm a great deal more active than my telegraph-editor, Johnson; and as for Patterson, who calls himself a city-editor, why, he should have seen the city-editors we used to have in the good old days when, if a man was a thief, we called him a thief, and were personally responsible, sir, for all that we said. Why, I believe now, at the age of fifty-two, after twenty years spent in the editorial chair, I could go on the town and beat any reporter in the city. They are too timid and refined nowadays, and are afraid of a little walking. Don't you know that I'm in a talkative mood to-night? I always am about this time of year. It may be a sort of superstition on my part, but the strangest things in my life have always happened about New-Year's Day.

Let's see, there was Barney Hampton, a talented young fellow, in whom I took a great interest, and who could write up a simple local in such style that the tears would come into your eyes, or you would laugh till your sides ached. It all depended upon the humor Barney was in. He was a splendid boy by nature, but sometimes he'd drop into the ludicrous to drive away sentimentality. He'd get to brooding at times, and then—look out for the genuine Edgar Allan Poe style of literature! The young lunatic used to bring in things that would almost make my flesh creep. And I don't know why it was, but we always printed them. I believe Wilson—Tom Wilson was city-editor then—was afraid to tear up one of those infernally contrived locals. Well, poor Barney was shot in Bob Buckingham's place on a New-Year's Night, and died before they could get him out of the street.

Then, to come down to a pleasanter incident, I was married on a New-Year's Day, and it was on the same day, two years afterwards, that my beloved wife was put under the cold ground, while all the world, but myself, I thought, was happy and joyous. No, she is not exactly my daughter—that is, she is not my wife's child; but yes, she is my daughter, my darling daughter, and she loves me. You believe that, don't you? The New-Year's Day of my life is mixed up with that child's history, too. It's a terrible story, and I don't often tell it; but now it's on my mind, and you would like to hear it. But you must promise me this: After you have listened to the story of my daughter—as she is—and never let her know one word of her true history. You are a friend that I can trust.

Twelve years ago there came into the office one night a man whom I took to be a Bohemian gentleman I met my eyes upon him. He was of slight build, but straight as an arrow; and, had not the signs of dissipation been plainly traceable in his face, the features would have been those of a mythological god. The eyes were reddened and deadened by the use of rum, else it would have flashed fire. The long, curling hair was unkempt, else it would have been wavy and soft as silk. He had letters—general letters from Western papers—as to ability. He said he was destitute. There was to be a great prize fight gathering on the next day, and we needed an extra man. I found him a place to spend the night, shook his hand when I parted with him, telling him at the same time to come around the next day. He came, looking much better than he had on the night before. I detailed him to do the convention; and, sir, Herbert Raymond went into that hall a stranger in a strange land, as you might say, and beat all the papers so badly that they didn't have a grow to make against *The Star* for at least a week. Well, you can be sure that I didn't want this jewel to go away, and some sort of a place was made for him until there should be an opening. At last Will Robinson, poor fellow, who had been news-editor and general night-man, but who had been fighting against the monster consumption for a long time, was compelled to throw up the sponge and go home, and I gave Raymond his place; and he just made the best and busiest night-editor that this paper has ever had. He was keeping perfectly straight now, and everybody on the paper, from the copy-holder up to old Jackson, who owned three-fourths of the stock, liked him.

One night Raymond was waiting for a special from Richmond. He had finished the general news, and, as he only expected two or three specials, there was no great rush. I was thinking of going home, when all at once he wheeled around in his chair, and, taking his cigar from his mouth, said:

"Mr. Allen, I'm a mighty unhappy man."

"What's the matter, Raymond? Don't things suit you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You've been more than a friend to me, and I'm very grateful; but, Mr. Allen, I've got a wife and little one somewhere in this great country, and, bad as I have been, I love them."

The great tears came into his eyes. I turned away. Well, I suppose I'm not the hardest-hearted man in the world.

"If you will listen to me, Mr. Allen," he said, "I would like to tell you exactly the situation of my case, and what I propose."

Of course I was willing to listen.

"I married the sweetest girl that God ever sent to this wicked world, about seven years ago," he went on to say, "when I was a very young man, full of ambition and hope, and possessed of a nice little fortune left me by my father. I had no evil habits then, and Evangeline was as pure and good as an angel. Oh, the happiness of the first four years of our wedded life! Why, Mr. Allen, it seemed to me then as if there was no such thing as trouble in the world. I worshiped Evangeline and led a moral life, and she, dear girl, lived only for me. Besides, there was a child, a little girl—Evangeline also—a sweet little edition of her angel mother. I was in business, and doing well. In my spare moments I wrote to please my wife, and often contributed to literary papers. The bank in which most of my funds were deposited failed one day, and I found myself financially a ruined man. I think the blow must have injured me mentally; for, although I had enough means to insure our temporary comfort, and was possessed of an untarnished name and good credit, the fear of my wife and child coming to want so worked upon me that I could not sleep or rest or engage in any business. At last the Devil got the upper hand, and I took to drink. I was not used to it; but I drank hard from the start. Then my name and credit were gone, and very soon my little means, left from the wreck of my fortune, had vanished. When I got sober enough to think of anything, I communicated with the publishers of a paper that had printed many of my contributions, and effected an engagement with them at a low salary. I moved my sad little family to the city where I was going to work, and, after a long struggle with temptation, and the old-time smile gradually came back to Evangeline's face. But the habit was formed; my work was hard, the pay small, and I was generally discouraged. I fell again, and again I rallied. This time was more repentant, and I worked on nearly every paper in that city, and could get nothing more to do. They had all given me a chance, but my own habits would not let me prosper. Sad and poverty-stricken we went back again to the little town where my dear girl's parents lived, and where my happiest and most miserable days had been spent. I got only cold nods and frowns where once I had hearty grasps of the hand and smiles. I did no better, and one night, when I went home to the miserable place where Evangeline and my wife and child, they were gone. There was a half-burned candle on the table, and lying by it was this note."

From among a bundle of papers he selected a little package and carefully undid it. It contained a little note, which he handed to me. It was written in a refined, womanly hand, and was, as nearly as I can remember, worded in this manner:

DEAR HUSBAND HERBERT: It is best that I go away with baby for a time. I would not do it were it not my will; but mother and father urge it upon me, and it may be best. I do not for one moment doubt your love for baby and me, and know that God will one day bring us together. Be a man, husband. I know where they are going to send me. I know this, however—one day I shall be with you again. Those who truly love can never, never be entirely separated. Good-bye, my poor, tried husband. EVANGELINE.

What an angelic spirit was breathed in that little note! Not a reproach, not an unkind allusion. Raymond carefully refolded it when I handed it back to him, and placed it again in his pocket.

"Mr. Allen," he continued, "that was six months ago only. When I read that note, and cried and prayed over it, I made up my mind that if God ever gave me another chance to make an honest living I would do right. I did not stop drinking immediately. God sent me here. You gave me encouragement and work. I have not drunk a drop since I've been on *The Star*, and have saved up a little money. I do not know where my wife and child are. I have written to my native town; but nobody but Evangeline's parents knows her whereabouts, and they will not answer my letter. Would you go out there, if you were me, and hunt them up—or would you write to them for me? They might believe you if you told them of my reformation, and answer you."

I was deeply touched with his story, and assured him I would do all in my power for him. I wrote at once to the old people.

Two nights after this was New-Year's. And such a night! You don't see any nights like that one now, my boy—clear and cold; the ground a white wilderness of snow that shimmered and gleamed over the starlight, and threw up into your eyes sparklings as of richest diamonds gleaming. There must have been a thousand sleighs out that night; the streets were thronged, the theatres were packed. I remember very well how my boys cursed old Jackson for insisting on an issue the morning after New-Year's. But orders had to be obeyed, and there we were on that perfect night pasting and scrawling at our desks, while the town had forgotten work and was in an uproar of mad mirth.

"Mr. Allen, there's somebody out here wants to see you," sullenly said the messenger-boy. He was mad at Jackson, too.

"Show him in," I said, and went on writing.

Presently I looked up as I heard a step, and a pale-faced woman, leading a wan little girl-child, was approaching the desk. Her face had been beautiful and young and fresh once—it was beautiful still, but was pinched and cold, and looked to me as if the Angel of Death had already looked into it and left his mark upon it.

"I am looking for my husband, sir," she said simply.

Raymond suddenly wheeled around, and his face became ashy white. The woman looked towards him, and dropped the child's hand. Her body swayed first to the left and then to the right. Raymond had sprung to his feet, the word "Evangeline!" escaping his lips and ringing through the room. She never spoke. We thought she had simply swooned; but she was dead—we could not resuscitate her. The poor thing thought she could live away from her husband; but her heart was too steadfast and too loyal for that. She had pined and worried until death seemed inevitable, and then her friends gave her money, and told her where Raymond was. She wanted to surprise him, I suppose, and did not know her feebleness. The journey had been long and tiresome, and her happiness on seeing her husband was too great for her shattered constitution to stand. Shall I ever to my dying day forget how Herbert Raymond raved?—how maddened and frenzied and blasphemous he was!—how he cursed God and man in his wild delirium, as he knelt over the angel-corpse of what had been his idol? Never, never! Shall I ever forget the words he spoke—or rather shouted—to me:

"Mr. Allen, the Devil now may claim me, body and soul. I have nothing to live for, and would not live if I could. Will you protect this child? I leave her with you."

He dashed wildly away, and his footsteps soon mingled with those of the careless people in the street. Oh, the pitiful expression of the scared and terrified child, as she crouched by her dead mother's side. Sometimes I wish I could not see it—but I always shall. I could not speak. Presently the little lips trembled several times, and I knew the orphan was trying to utter some word.

"Mamma, dear mamma, is you dead?" at last came, and then the frightened little creature sobbed as if her heart would break.

Thank God that I could catch her in my arms and comfort her. Thank God that it comforted me and kept my heart from breaking to soothe her—this dear, little innocent lamb, orphaned on a night when joy and gladness reigned upon the earth. Yes, orphaned; for when the night was gone, and the gray, cold morning came, some laborers on the wharf found the body of a man who had been frozen to death. It was Raymond. I suppose he had drunk until he became helplessly stupid, and then, falling on the deserted wharf, he never woke up from his miserable slumber.

Yes, New-Year's is a sad and a joyous day to me. Come and take your New-Year's dinner with Evangeline and me.

MISS HETTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. J. W. FOX.

Miss Hetty was our neighbor just over the way. We were not so many in our village that we could easily be strangers to one another, but Miss Hetty had lived for years in her little brown wren's-nest of a cottage, and was almost unknown to us all. The silent, sad-browed woman did not invite confidence, and we passed her by, nor sought to draw her from her seclusion. We fancied she must be very old, for the tresses that adorned the small, graceful head were silver-white, though the straight, dark brows and bright eyes belied the untimely frost, and made me a mystery, and food for many hours of thought.

She made fine laces for sale, and they found ready purchasers in the fashionables who yearly crowded our cool, green little village for the sea-breezes which blew so freshly there. When the Summer season was done, and the butterflies of fashion had flown back to their city homes, our simple country-festivities began, and we were merry enough, in our hearty, homely way, while the cliffs were white with snow and the sea moaned and broke its cruel rocks that lay at their base; but Miss Hetty never joined us. Every day and all day long she sat at her window, the silver hair and pale, patient face bent over the lace pillow, and the busy hands plying ceaselessly their work.

It was Christmas-time, and our home was all ablaze with light and jubilant with merry voices; for our sister Winny, our household pet, was to be married, and the wedding-feast was set, the wedding-guests were bidden, and up in our little white bedchamber a band of chattering bridesmaids were driving me to distraction with endless suggestions, aided and abetted therein by the pretty bride herself. Very charming she looked in her simple white robe, and wedding-veil never adorned a more winsome bride; but she had discarded the artificial wreath, and wanted a natural white rose to pin in her nut-brown braids.

"I want a real white rose, Ellen," she said; "a real, sweet-smelling white rose. I hate these scentless, stiff things."

"But, Winny," I remonstrated, "where on earth am I to get it now? You know I tried everywhere yesterday."

"I know where there are some," she said; "but you'd never do it, not even for my wedding. Miss Hetty has a rose-tree full of lovely white blossoms—I saw her trimming it; but you'd never dare to ask her."

I confess that the suggestion did not please me; but the chattering girls broke out afresh, and, in my position of elder sister and general director, what could I do? I threw a shawl over my head, and, crossing the street, knocked with a doubtful hand at the little weather-beaten door. A quiet voice bade me enter, and for the first time in my life I crossed Miss Hetty's threshold. It was a very plain, bare room, made doubly lonely in its aspect by the figure of the lonely woman at its fireside. A huge gray cat, her only companion, lay at her feet, basking in the warmth, and stirring lazily when its mistress caressed it absently.

The quiet room and lonely figure oppressed me, and I proffered my request in a very uncertain and hesitating manner. My words seemed to fall upon deaf ears, and I gently repeated my errand, when she interrupted me suddenly, like one awaking from sleep:

"For whom did you say? Whom?"

"Winny," I began again, "is to be married to-night, and——"

I got no further, for the white, shocked face she turned upon me thrilled to my very heart.

"Winny?" she said slowly. "Winny to be married? Why, don't you know she died long ago?"

Her words and manner chilled and frightened me, but I tried again to explain.

"Yes, yes," she said absently, and, with that strange look still in her face, she broke a handful of blossoms and buds from her tree, and, crossing to the opposite side of the hearth, stood looking fixedly at me, seemingly trying to read my thoughts.

"Tell me again," she said presently, "tell me again; I am slow to understand sometimes."

Speaking slowly and distinctly, I went over the story once more. She listened attentively, muttering: "Ah yes, to be sure!" but still held the roses, and, turning away from me, leaned her head on the tall, old-fashioned mantle so long that I thought myself forgotten, and started violently when, without moving, she addressed me abruptly.

"Listen to me," she said, "and let me tell you the story of Winny. I am in a strange humor to-night—a talking humor; listen to me. Years and years ago, when I was but a slip of a girl, my mother died. I had seen her fading for months when the rest seemed blind, and she had talked much to me of the infant that lay in my arms—a tiny, blue-eyed girl—and she bade me cherish the child when she was gone, and give her the tender care the mother would never live to lavish on her darling. I promised, and I kept my word. I gave her my whole heart, my whole heart and life, and as she grew she repaid me with a passionate love most rare in sisters. My blue-eyed baby! my little Winny! I cared not for any man's love, lest he should wean me from my darling, whose clinging arms and fond kisses quite filled my heart; and so, being content in one another, the happy years rolled on, and I left my youth behind me. We lived in a seaside town far away from here, and my father, mate of a whaling vessel, sailed his long voyages year after year, knowing his daughter was safe and happy in the homenest. During one of his brief visits to us, one night a dreadful storm lashed our coast. The furious winds and waves made playthings of man's stanchest work, and on the breakers that lay a little beyond our peaceful harbor they flung a great ship, and beat her to death on the cruel rocks.

"Having made ready in our cottages all such restoratives as we had, we were on the storm-swept beach, waiting with anxious hearts for what the wild waves would bring to us. Brave boats and willing hands manned the lifeboats, but in vain. Human help was naught, and we watched the great vessel beat and strain, and go to pieces in the boiling water, and then the poor drowned bodies came tossing in the foam, and watchful eyes detected signs of life in one body, flung at our very feet. We bore him home, and with Heaven's aid gave him back the life so nearly snatched away from him. He lay in a long illness at our house, and Winny, her joyous, sad darling, was never weary of caring for him. Like a sunbeam she cheered the lonely hours, and when the broken limb was strong again, the ugly wound in the forehead healed, the sweet, old story had been told again, and Winny's heart was lost and won forever. She told me all this one night in the little room we shared, nestling close to me and hiding her lovely face in the bosom that loved her so truly, and had held her alone so many years. She told me they could not wait long, and made their plans to be complete. The revelation struck me dumb with the shock of a great surprise, a sharp pain; for in hearing her timid words, looking on her downcast face, the knowledge came to me like a dagger-thrust, and I knew I loved him, too, with a deep, true love, that abnegating self which could yield him to another, content if he were happy—a love that could bury my own sore hurt out of sight, and enable me to wear a smiling face in the merry Summer months they were a-wooing. Heaven help me! it was a heavy cross to bear, but I bore it silently for my darling's sake. I was with them always—no joy complete without my presence; and it tried me hard to see his love, his waichful, tender care of his bosom. Sometimes it crossed my mind that he considered her more a pet than a companion, and I rejoiced that she was so tenderly regarded.

"At times, when the pain of my heart grew past endurance, I would take it to the beach, and to the gulls and sands and whispering waves pour out my despair and grief. The Autumn was waning, the leaves had all fallen, and cheerful fires blazed on cottage hearths, making the outer gloom chillier and more gloomy. Winny sang merrily, for the wedding was only two weeks away, and the happy child-heart made no secret of her joy. One evening I paced the sands in an agony of grief and tears, trying to still my pain and teach myself patience, while the dim mist, creeping up, folded me as in a shroud. Turning suddenly the shoulder of a jutting cliff, I came abruptly upon Richard, leaning with folded arms against the rock and gazing out to sea. One single instant I looked into his eyes. What was in my face I do not know, but the next moment he was at my feet, holding my hands, pouring out a flood of mad, incoherent words. Was I dreaming? Had my senses left me, or had Paradise opened to me its gates at last?

"'I love you, Hetty—you and you only, my darling,' he was saying, raining kisses on my hands and gazing into my face, as if he would drawing my soul through my eyes to meet his own. It was only for a moment, sweet as Heaven, swift as light.

"'But Winny, Winny,' I stammered, drawing my hands from his—'you love her.'

"'Yes,' he answered frankly; 'I do love her dearly, truly, but not as I love you. She is a sweet sister, a beautiful blossom to wear on your bosom, and I will cherish it fondly; but you, Hetty, fill my whole being. I have known it a long time, but I never meant to speak, for I feared you did not love me, till you came upon me just now, and the lovelight in your dear eyes unsealed my lips. But I will be guided by you, dearest. You are good and wise, and I will do your will,' he added humbly, seeing in my pale, grave face, turned full upon him, the dreadful agony at my heart.

"There fell a long silence between us, and when at last I spoke it was very gently, very calmly, though in the interval I had fought and won a battle.

"'It may not be, Richard,' I said. 'I cannot deceive you—I love you truly, but I cannot break my little sister's heart. She loves you so fondly, her innocent life is filled with you alone; and, though the yoke be heavy and will give us bitter pain, still we must bear it bravely for her sake—my little sister, who has lain in my bosom all her life. It is all a mistake, Richard—a dreadful, dreary mistake, and life is too short for us ever to undo it all.'

"'Be it so,' he replied. 'I will do my best.'

"He turned away, and was lost in the fog that crept about me like despair, and wrapped me in its icy folds.

"The wedding-day came at last. No word, or sign even, showed he remembered our meeting. The leaves had all fallen, and in our little wedding-guests were all assembled, and in our little chamber Winny stood, robed for her bridal in soft, white garments and delicate, flowing veil. Her long bright hair fell about the dimpled shoulders to her waist, and to my fond eyes she was the fairest bride that ever the sun shone on. She stood by the hearth, looking with girlish, innocent vanity into the little glass that hung over the mantle.

"'Please give me your rose, Hetty,' she begged. 'I want a posy in my bosom.'"

"So I took the flower from my belt and gave it her. She bent forward to fasten it in, when a sudden gust of flame flew out of the open fireplace, and in an instant her dress was alight and she was a sheet of flame. She tore herself from my detaining grasp and rushed from the room, shrieking wildly. The wild cries brought the wedding-guests in dismayed haste; but it was too late—too late! Just on the threshold she had thought to cross a happy bride she fell a scorched and blackened corpse. She was quite dead when we lifted her and laid her on a bed and covered from sight the dreadful ruin. One swift, wicked thought crossed my mind—Richard is free! But when I raised my head and his eyes blazed into mine, it brought me to my senses, and I felt almost a murderess.

"When the last sad offices were over, Richard came to me where I stood with the gloom of fast-coming night, and, taking my hands, looked questioningly into my eyes. I felt a thrill—a swift, wicked exultation that he was all mine now; but I put the thought away from me. How could I take my happiness across my darling's grave? I answered his mute pleading steadily:

"'No, Richard; never any more. Go away, please. I cannot bear it.'

"He answered no word; but went out of the door, and I lost him in the night and the snow that was beginning to fall. I never saw him again. He sailed soon with other brave hearts in search of some whom the frozen north held in its awful solitudes, and he never came back; but somewhere in space

BASEBALL.

REVIEWING THE SEASON.

The Working of the Rules.

There cannot be much progress made towards the point of reaching a perfect code of playing rules in baseball while the power to change the rules each year remains in the hands of an organization like the League, which looks to the framing of rules so as to make their club-matches attractive to their paying patrons, rather than to actual improvement of the code. Amendments have been suggested time and again which experience had pointed out as necessary and important, but which have been discarded because they did not suit the notions of the League rulers, or because they were regarded as not likely to increase the public patronage. The effort to get rid of the boys' rule of bound-catch of foul-balls, the amendment allowing the use of either round or four-sided bats at the option of the batsman, and that of changing the rule governing the dropping of the ball by the base-player in the act of touching a runner, have all been thrown aside as worthless, when all three are essential in improving the rules of play. The experience of the National clubs in regard to the advantage of throwing out the bound-catch afforded ample proof that the abolition of the catch in question would be a decided improvement in the game. The rule of foul balls itself has always been a weak point in the code, inasmuch as the batsman, while gaining nothing whatever by his hitting of a foul ball, is obliged to run two chances of being put out by such balls, viz., by the bound-catch, as well as that on the fly. What reasonable objection is there to the trial of the experiment of four-sided bats for a season? If there are batsmen who prefer these bats, why not let it be optional with them to use them or not, by wording the rule so as to cover either a round or a four-sided bat. Some years ago there was a regular howl made by the muffin brotherhood for the reintroduction of very lively balls, such as were in vogue in the days when the large score of 200 runs was made in a single match, and 65 runs were made in one inning; and the howl in question was responded to by the League to a certain extent, the new balls of 1877 being very lively. The result of a large increase of fielding-errors, however, necessitated a change in the make of the ball before May was ended, and since then the balls used have really been dead-balls in comparison. The advocates of the use of four-sided bats claim that these bats will give the power to batsmen to "place" balls better than is possible from the use of the round bats. If experience shows this to be the case, then the batting will necessarily be improved, and the object aimed at by those who wanted lively balls will be partly attained..... In regard to the rule which obliges a base-player to hold the ball after touching a base-runner, the experience of 1879 was dead against the retention of it. More quarrels arose from this cause than any other. The rule simply offers the base-runner a premium to collide with the base-player in order to knock the ball out of his hand. It is unanimous every way. Under the old rule, which gave the runner out if he was touched by the ball in the hands of the base-player, whether the ball was held afterwards or not, it might happen occasionally that the fielder would not be able to hold the ball; but as a general rule the decisions were fair. It is the very reverse in the rule of 1879, for in three out of four of the instances in which the ball was not held the runner was legitimately touched, and yet he unjustly escaped being put out.

Several decisions of umpires were made last season which occasioned considerable "kicking" by the players and the crowd, and yet the whole trouble arose, not from the lack of judgment or knowledge of the rules by the umpire, but from the incorrect wording of the rules, or the absence of needed rules properly governing the point in play. An instance of this kind occurred in the case of the decision affecting the order of running the bases in the match at Syracuse with the Boston Club, when Dorgan outran Carpenter in running to home-base. The rule ought to clearly define the order in which the bases should be run and touched. No base-runner should be allowed to outrun the base-runner who precedes him, and the rule should be worded so as to enforce this rule. The case of the National and Worcester drawn game in Baltimore, too, offers another instance of the lack of clearness in the wording of the League rules. It is to be hoped that the National Association will reform these and other errors at their February convention.

The following are needed amendments to the National code:

Section 1 of Rule Second requires to be amended thus: The game shall consist of nine innings' play for each side, and in playing regular matches nine players from each of the contesting clubs shall constitute a full field.

Section 1 of Rule Sixth should read somewhat as follows: Players running the bases must touch each base in the regular order viz. first, second, third and home base, and when obliged to return to the base they have previously occupied they must retouch them in the reverse order. No base shall be considered as having been occupied or held until it has been touched by the base-runner in this regular order. Any base-runner touching home-base except in the above regular order shall be declared out.

The rule governing the form of the bat it is proposed to change as follows:

Section 4 of Rule First.—The bat must be made wholly of wood, and shall not exceed forty-two inches in length. It may either be round or four-sided, but it shall not exceed two and one-half inches in diameter in its widest part.

Section 15 of Rule Sixth.—Any player running the bases shall be declared out if, at any time while the ball is in play, he be touched by the ball while it is in the hand or hands of a fielder. And should the said fielder, while in the act of touching the base-runner, have the ball knocked out of his hand, the player so touched shall be declared out.

THE NATIONAL CLUB.

The strongest team the National Club of Washington has ever placed in the field since it became a professional organization is that the management have selected for 1880. It is strong not only in the individual skill of the players, but in the fact that it is composed of what may be an unusually good working nine. The accession of Gerhardt and Snyder—two old Washington players—should materially help to give a club-feeling to the team. It is especially strong, too, in the possession of two effective batters in Snyder and Lynch and Gerhardt and Carey. The basemen's team, too, is a first-class one, including Latham, Gerhardt and Warner, and, with McClellan as short-stop, Trott, Baker and Derby in the outfield, and Dignan as a reserve player, the fielding-support will be excellent. It is fortunate for the pecuniary interests of the club that the League rules were not such as to admit of the Nationals entering; for though the team would have undoubtedly made its mark, the expensive tours involved in the League schedule, and the restrictive policy pursued by that organization in prohibiting games with outside clubs, are objectional features, which last year proved very damaging to the pecuniary receipts of the League clubs. By remaining in the National Association the Nationals place themselves in a position to insure a profitable season in 1880.

BASEBALL NOTES.

Kelly, Hotaling, Purcell, Smith, Force and Reilly of the Cincinnati-California team arrived in Cincinnati on Dec. 28, Rowe having left the party at Chicago. Reilly's journey ended at Cincinnati, and the others left on the following day for their respective homes.....The O'Rourke Brothers—John and James—declined to sign contracts with the Boston Club so long as the directors of the latter refused to cancel the clause taxing them thirty dollars each for uniforms, and fifty cents each daily while traveling. The lowers of the game in Boston, Mass., subscribed the required amount, and the O'Rourkes will probably sign.....Letters received from members of the American nine in Havana announce that the landlord of the hotel where they first put up at did not do the right thing by them, quartering the players in the cook rooms, doubling the rates at first agreed upon, and in various ways making matters so unpleasant that the entire party were forced to seek refuge in a boarding-house, where they were obliged to put up with uncongenial chance room-mates.....Pease the cricketer, who recently left Brooklyn, Phila. has also well known as a baseball-player, having been a member of the Germantown Club of that city, whose nine were nearly all cricketers.....In a Mutual-Athletic game some seasons ago, in Brooklyn, "Cherokee" Fisher played a sharp point that Eggler failed to intercept, and the latter threw to Buffalo. Three of the Mutuals were on the bases, with but one out, when a high-ball was hit to Fisher at right field; he pretended to drop it, but caught it before it touched the ground, and, fielding the ball to third base, put out the man who had started on the supposition that the ball was missed.....Phil. Baker, the popular captain, centre-fielder and change-catcher of the Nationals of Washington, D. C., has been dangerously ill with the typhoid fever, but he is now slowly recovering. Lynch, the pitcher of the Nationals, left this city on Jan. 3 for Washington.....In a game in Brooklyn in 1873, the referee decided one of the Bostons out for an alleged willful obstruction of a ball, which struck him in such a way that it was almost impossible for him to have dodged it.....Some authorities have asserted that the second umpire's decision, no matter how erroneous, cannot be appealed from. To show the incorrectness of this view of the rules, we give below a case in which a decision was appealed from and decided against the umpire. A base-runner was forced from third, and came home before the third man was put out, but the umpire decided that the run did not count. The Massachusetts Amateur Association, however, decided that the run counted, and as the game was thus the score as tie, the game was declared null and void. A decision somewhat similar was rendered in the Baltimore-Athletic game on July 21, 1873, when the umpire refused to allow a run to be counted that would have won the game for the Athletics in the eleventh inning. The base-runner had passed the home-plate when the ball was thrown fifteen feet before the third hand was out at third base; but the umpire, a Baltimorian, claimed that the base-runner had not reached the home-plate in time....Harry Schafer twice saved the Bostons from being blanked in 1873, and also made the winning hit in four games that season; and in a game of eleven innings he made a run that the umpire failed to count, and which would have entitled the Bostons to a victory.....In a Cincinnati-Athletic game in Philadelphia in 1868, George Wright made a home-run rather singularly by hitting a ball which lodged so firmly between the palings of the inner-fence that he made the circuit of the bases before the ball could be extricated.....The newspaper scores of twenty years ago were something of a curiosity when compared with the concise and exhaustive manner of the present day. They embraced three distinct tables, besides appended notes on "passed balls," etc. The total number of balls pitched, the most and the least in an inning, and the average to an inning were also given in some of the published scores in those days, and the three were sparse in the items covered, giving no account of base-hits, assistance, runs earned, or fielding errors.....At least one-third of the outs in a match, on an average, appear to be at first base; but we find an instance where not a man was put out at first base, this occurring in a contest between the Mutuals and Alpines of this city in 1861. A somewhat similar instance is recorded in a game played between the Olympics and Keystones of Philadelphia in 1868, not one of the Olympics being put out at first base during the entire game. In a game between the Bostons and Troys last season, but eight men in all were put out by both nines at first bases.....One of the first matches between baseball-players and cricketers was played in Rochester, N. Y., in the latter part of 1859, when the contestants were some local players and the English cricketers that visited America that year. The weather was intensely cold and blustery; but nothing could exceed the good humor and positive fun with which the whole match was accompanied by the English cricketers, who infused life and jollity into it, as they had in the series of international cricket matches which had just been terminated; so unlike the solemn, monotonous manner of the Anglo-American cricketing stars who were the text-book for the lampooning which "The English Game of Cricket" got played on them. Fisher, of Troy, showed up well as a catcher, and was instrumental in putting out seven men.....The following description of a pitcher is at least novel: "The attitude and motions of the pitcher were a source of interest to us. He catches the ball as it is tossed to him, holds it in both hands, contemplates it a moment, something like Hamlet contemplates the skull of 'Alas! poor,' etc., turns around and takes a pace or two immediately, forgetful, apparently, of the ball, thinking of mother and home and friends and sweetheart, debts and things, quite oblivious to the awaiting batter and the expectant crowd. Suddenly his eyes fall upon the ball; a moment of bewilderment ensues; he wonders what it is and how it came there; then his brain clears up, his thoughts gather, it is a baseball, ah! ah! the match is on, he has pitched balls and curved them as he liked. His extraordinary scores obtained against the best bowling proved how safely he could defy all attack. He combined—and the looker-on knew not which to admire most—accurate defense and vigorous hitting, with, what is still more extraordinary, success in cricket and baseball. The batting of this celebrated cricketer was perhaps more remarkable in 1876 than in any other season. It is true that his scoring in 1871 was more consistent, and that, having eleven innings less and making 117 runs more, he had a larger average than in 1876; but when he had once regained his best form in the beginning of July of that year, he seemed for the next two months to be indifferent as to what bowling he had to meet. In all the annals of cricket no one had previously made more than 278 runs in an inning of a first-class match. Mr. Grace exceeded that contribution twice in eight days in August, 1876. His faculty for run-getting surpassed that of any cricketer of the past or present, and is proved by the fact that in the sixteen seasons he has scored 20,984 runs in 425 completed innings of first-class matches, thus averaging within a fraction of 50 runs to an inning. He has achieved what is called, in the slang parlance of cricketers, "the century"—that is, scored a hundred runs and upwards to an inning as many as fifty-two times in first-class matches, or once in every average of 9,524 runs in these three-figure innings gives him the wonderful average of 183 to an inning. His highest scores to an inning are 400, 344, 318, 268, 261, 224, 217, 216, 215, 210, 192, 189, 179, 178, 173, 172, 169, 167, 163, 162, 158, 154, 153 and 150, thus scoring 4,700 runs in these twenty-two mammoth innings. Twice in August, 1876, with 344 and 318, not out, against the best bowling in England, he surpassed the largest score ever recorded in first-class matches, and his inning in July of that year of 400, not out, remains as a twenty-two, and is the only one as largeas the largest ever played against odds, and is the second largest ever made in any game, E. F. Tylecote's 404, not out, in a college match game being the largest. Respecting his last-mentioned wonderful batting, it may be said that the bowling was up to the average, but Grace's play was acknowledged by all present to be such as they never before witnessed. He gave no chance whatever on the first and second days. On the third day he gave two easy chances—one to short-slip, the other to long-leg—but he had then scored 350 runs altogether he was at the wickets about thirteen and a half hours, and had no fewer than fifteen bowlers opposed to him. He was but six hours and a half scoring his 344 runs, making the first hundred runs in forty-five minutes, and did not give a chance of it chance. He was about eight hours compiling his 318, and gave but one chance, and that when he had made 201. He was one of the heroes in the performance of the feat of the longest score on record before the fall of a wicket, having in conjunction with R. G. Cooper made 285 runs for the first wicket in the memorable match of 1869; and in 1877, with J. M. Cotterill, 308 runs were made before they were separated. It must be admitted that the charm of his marvellous success with the bat seems to have been in a measure broken in 1878, when his one score of three figures was his 116 for Gloucestershire against Nottinghamshire—a strange contrast to the number of centuries recorded to his name in previous years. In 1879 that his supremacy was not a thing of the past was amply proved by the fact of his averaging 88 runs for an inning in first-class matches, and scoring 123, 113 and 102 runs in single innings. It has been the custom of fastidious judges to depreciate the bowling of W. G.'s Grace; but the fact remains that with a slow, round-arm delivery, most difficult to play, he was further possessed of unusual headwork. As a general rule, his bowling was more destructive against professionals than amateurs. He did not bowl in any first-class matches in 1864, but his analysis of the last fifteen seasons shows that he obtained 1,244 wickets at an average cost of 14.57-10 to the 88 of Slosson, and on an average three wickets have fallen to him in each inning in which he has bowled. His greatest successes with the ball happened in 1867, when each wicket cost but six runs, and he averaged four wickets to an inning. He was an excellent field, being a sure catch, a quick runner, and covering a great deal of ground, able to throw the ball at least 120 yards, and being a rare good shot at the wicket. He had a wonderful bit of bowling come off in 1868, when he played for Hanham while his elder brother, E. M. Grace, played for Bitton two years ago, the 10 runs to win in their second inning. It was thought to be a certainty for Bitton, but W. G. Grace took every one of the ten wickets for six runs only. Mr. Grace formed one of a team of English amateurs that visited America in 1872, and captained an eleven of professionals that visited Australia played in Australia during the season of 1873-74, and as a general athlete he also acquired great fame, especially in running and quickness over the hurdles, where his great stride, although not finished style, made him a very dangerous customer. Modern critics hold up both batting and bowling as the ideal of cricket in the days past was worth looking at or to be compared with the play in the present day. Well, after all, cricket notions are a matter of opinion, and when we are under the turf, instead of on it, there will doubtless be much difficulty in persuading cricketers of the twentieth century that W. G. Grace was so pre-eminently good. When W. G. Grace played against Marlborough College, in 1870, and made a very long score, he went to the college chapel that evening, and when a verse of a hymn was sung—"And Grace Shall Triumph Still"—we are afraid that more or less of a laugh went around the chapel. *The Saturday Review* tells a good story of a boy at Eton who was always reckoned a great dunce and more disposed to cricket than "Lempriere," with a slight reservation in favor of the improper portion of that work. One day school he manifested intense anxiety to answer the question: "Name the Three Graces." On yielding to the young gentleman's pertinacity, the master was astonished to receive the following answer: "The Graces W. G., M., and G. F.," meaning the famous trio of brothers. It is, we fancy, no secret that, following the example of Messrs. Mynn and Felix, he was very handsomely remunerated for his cricketing services; and there is no reason why he should not be expected to forego his advancement in life for the sake of the game, without receiving *quid pro quo*. Following the example of his elder brother and father, he entered the medical profession, and took his degree of M. D. at Edinburgh July 9, 1879, and proceeded from the University capital that night for the purpose of taking part in a cricket match. A couple of years previously a public meeting had been held for the purpose of making the necessary arrangements for the formation of a "Grace Testimonial Fund," in recognition of the great and wonderful all-round cricketing abilities displayed by W. G. Grace throughout his extraordinary career. A subscription was headed by the Marylebone Club, and he received at Lord's Ground, London, a testimonial match July 21, 1879, to mark the occasion of his retirement from active play to the practice of his profession as a surgeon. He was then presented with a purse of £1,500 and a handsome clock, the result of the subscription. Phenomenon as he has been, he cannot last forever; and increasing weight, with consequent loss of elasticity, must have a sensible effect on his powers of batting. Whether he retires or not next season, whether he be as successful or less successful than of old, the public will remember him as not only for twelve years the best all-round player of the day, but the most wonderful cricketer that ever lived, and, while recalling his innumerable exploits, both with bat and ball, be grateful to him for the many hours of pleasure he has furnished for cricketers in England, Australia and America.

W. C. GRACE--the Champion Cricketer.

THE TRIGGER.

GILBERT HENDERSON won a silver marksman's badge at Tremley, N. J., Dec. 29. Each man shot at five birds, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, and Henderson and Forrest tied, killing all, the former winning on the shoot-off.

RICHARD WOOD and W. D. Ford shot a pigeon-match, $100 a side, fifty birds each, 30yds. rise, five traps, English rules, at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 29. Wood won by a score of 41 to 39.

A MATCH at twenty-five birds each, $75 a side, 30yds. rise, English rules, was shot by H. Thomas and A. B. Dexter at Bayonne, N. J., Jan. 2. Thomas was the winner, scoring 20 to his opponent's 16.

GEORGE GILDERSLEEVE outshot William Quimbo in a glass ball match at Somerville, N. J., Jan. 2. Each man shot at one hundred glass balls, for $50 a side, 21yds. rise, and the score was 86 to 72.

FIFTY PIGEONS were shot at by both W. D. Sanford and S. D. Jackson, each of whom staked fifty dollars, at Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 2. Standing at 21yds., Sanford knocked over 41 to his opponent's 36.

A MATCH at fifty birds each, for fifty dollars a side, 21yds. rise, 80yds. fall, two traps, was shot by George Grey and William D. Phelps at Trenton, N. J., Dec. 31, Grey winning by a score of 39 to 34.

Manager Earle of the Dubuques, speaking favorably of the proposed new association.....M. J. Keeley and Wm. Purcell of Cincinnati and James McCormick of the Chicagos, who have lately been playing in California, arrived at their homes in Paterson, N. J., on Jan. 1. Kelly visited THE CLIPPER office on Jan. 2, and denied the stories relative to the Cincinnati players' penniless condition while in San Francisco, and added that the team were in good health and pleased with the trip, all having had their expenses paid, and receiving, besides, a fair salary during two months that otherwise would have been spent in idleness.....Prior to 1858 in every match there were two umpires (one chosen by each club) and a referee. At the umpires' table on the ground, decided in favor of the club by whom they were appointed, the decision had ultimately to be left to the referee. At the convention of clubs held in this city in December, 1857, that plan was abolished, and in its stead was adopted the present system of having only one umpire, which has been found to be a very advantageous change.....In a game several seasons ago, a ball was hit to the short-stop picked up on its way a splinter off the ground, and when the ball was thrown to the first-baseman the splinter stuck in the latter's hand, and by this peculiar accident a man who had up with a sore hand for some time afterwards.....It has been generally supposed that the term "baseball," designating our national game, was of American origin. But an English novel, published about the beginning of the present century, mentions a young lady who preferred "cricket, baseball," etc., to dolls.....In a game played in Brooklyn some years ago, one of the players struck a ball just in front of the home-base, and, being a very fast runner, he actually succeeded in making a home-run while the ball was following him from base to base, his audacity leading to his opponents' failure to handle the ball. In a game played by the Athletics of Philadelphia at Bloomsburgh, Pa., Tom Berry of the former nine, who was considered to be a slow runner, wagered one of the rural spectators that he would make a "home-run," which he accomplished in a similar manner to that of the Brooklyn player, by purposely "blocking" the ball in front of the home-plate, and never stopping until he had completed the circuit of the bases.....McVey, late of the Cincinnatis, and Leary, formerly of the Rochesters, have been engaged by the Bay City Club of San Francisco, Cal.....There used to be a club in Brooklyn called the Powhattan, and its catcher's name was very conveniently John Smith. The original John Smith did not, however, catch it, only came very near it.....One evening, at the Old Bowery Theatre, in this city, a scene was presented in which the hero was supposed to be hunted down by bloodhounds, and the usual rakish stage ruffians. Peeping out from a "flat," supposed to be shelter, he exclaimed: "Oh, hevins! what shall I do?" "Hold your base!" shrieked an excited youth in the audience.

A REMINISCENCE.

Referring to Recorder Hackett as a billiard amateur last week, it was remarked that he was "one of a small party of notables who were wont to gather in the upper room of Chris. O'Connor fifteen years ago or more," it being added that "so far as we can recall, there is but one of that party now living." A Boston reader has misinterpreted this language. The small party of notables to whom we had special reference were men who never or but rarely took cue in hand. They were not such amateurs as Farnsworth, Dwight Sturtevant, William McKay, William McKeever, Nell Bryant, William Wickes, etc. When the Recorder played billiards, there was generally a good-sized party around.

BOSTON, Jan. 1, 1880.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—*Dear Sir:* In your issue of Jan. 3 you stated that but one of many who had the pleasure of playing billiards with your late Recorder was existing. Many and many a time has Mr. Sturtevant (of Boston) played with him when hundreds of dollars were staring these (or their friends) in the face. Although betting was discountenanced then, and may be now, in most clubs, the rule was broken in two separate instances,

BILLIARDS.

STRAY SHOTS.

Garnier's departure for Europe, as announced in these columns last week, renders it impossible for Col. Walker of New Orleans to obtain six players from this city for his projected tournament. It may therefore be announced, almost as positively as if by authority, that the tournament will not be held as contemplated, though the idea may be revived at a later period.....There may be a tournament in the Crescent City in February next under Col. Walker's management, but it will not be for the fifteen hundred dollars in prizes he purposed giving; nor is it likely that more than three players from this city—Sexton, Schaefer and Daly—will take part in it. It is pretty certain that two of the players named will give a series of exhibitions in New Orleans about Mardi-gras time, even if all three of them, along with Frank Maggioli of that city, do not take part in a tournament.....The Union-square Rooms, this city, have been tendered the disciples of Caissa, who contemplate holding their Chess Congress there.....Gershom B. Hubbell of Hartford was in town on Jan. 2.....Having thus far played only a few short games, and those with square balls, by way of preparation for his encounter with Schaefer on Saturday night next, Sexton is to-day (Jan. 9) to get a set of balls that are nearly round, and at the same time will have a new cloth put on his practice-table. To our notion, this indicates that he does not intend to rely wholly upon "blacksmithing" all over the table in order to defend the championship now in his trust, but will try to make his work a trifle easier than it was in the tournament. That is, he may make a higher average than he did in the 500-point game against Slosson, but it will be accomplished, if at all, by a little more nursing than he has yet shown at the Champion's Game. Schaefer has been in good practice all along, and has omitted nothing, it is believed, calculated to strengthen the faith reposed in him by his partisans. There ought to be a stirring contest, no matter which man is winner. As the times are just now brisk, there should be an attendance of spectators worthy of the players. As to the betting, it is just now altogether one-sided. At Sandy Spencer's, on the 2d inst., an offer to bet $100 to $50 twice on Schaefer found no acceptor. This comes of Sexton practicing but little, and of his using square balls. Spite of it, he is in better condition at present than he has been at any other time since the Summer of 1878. It is possible for him to win this or any other match at caroms by playing in three different and distinct ways; and were we sure which way he will elect to adopt, we should prefer to lay the odds, if odds must be laid, on him. There is but one way for Schaefer to win a match from an opponent of anything like equal skill, and, playing in that way, he is liable to "average" 8 or 50, just as the balls happen to roll in consequence of the risky shots he is so apt to venture upon. Sexton is liable to "average" 25 if he plays in one way, 20 if he plays in another, and is scarcely likely to fall below 12 if he plays so as to never run as many as 70. Next Saturday night may be one of the rare occasions on which an "average" of 50 is due from Schaefer. Possibly this is the view people take of the matter who are proffering the odds of 100 to 50 and 100 to 70. Weights of this kind piled upon Schaefer will not hurt Sexton a bit. In fact, any player who is content to practice with square balls, and upon a table that has none of the lines peculiar to the Champion's Game drawn out upon it, ought to expect the odds to be rather heavy against him. .....Shepard's new room is still a sealed book to the public. The latest report as to its opening is that it will be on Jan. 15.....It is rumored that Randolph Heiser has withdrawn from Theis' room, Fourteenth street. Possibly there is no better basis for the report than the fact that he was busy playing billiards in an uptown room on the afternoon and night of Ladies' Day.....John Duggan of Sexton's has a "new game," at which he did wonders one day last week. The secret of it was that his opponent studiously played always on John's ball first, thus inverting the professional rule of the three-ball game in the days when tables were twelve feet long and six feet wide. The result was a set-up for Duggan almost whenever the red ball was not also hit by his antagonist. Without seemingly knowing exactly why, John was in the beatific condition of the parrot and the monkey during the absence of their mistress—"having a hell of time," so to speak. Duggan thinks the new game is a good one for practicing draw-shots. It would certainly be a good one for that purpose, were his antagonist to play always on the red ball first, when there is not a sure shot from white to red.....Herman P. Butler is an applicant for a position in Shepard's new room, under Lon Morris Jr.....From time to time we have had occasion to call attention to the number of amateur billiard-players in Philadelphia who are also billiard-players. As a rule, the professional billiard people in that city are not expert in baseball. This has been strikingly illustrated in the case of the young man who attends the pool-table in the Continental Hotel. A few evenings ago, one of the players in the game threw a pocketed ball towards him, possibly with the view of lightening his duties. It seems to have been a fly-ball, but the gamekeeper was not "fly" to it, and the result was that about six ounces of solid ivory hit him in the forehead. He was not killed, but for this he can thank the modern size of table. Had the thrower been required to cover the length of a six-by-twelve, the added velocity of the flying ball would have caused a "corner" in crape wherewith to deck the left arms of the employes of the Continental Hotel. As it was, a lump was raised on the forehead of that gamekeeper, and he would easily have been mistaken for the twin brother of Patsy Fitzgerald.....This allusion to Patsey, who is still engineer of the tenpin alleys at Joseph Dion's room, and supervisor of billiards when the tenpins are not tottering, reminds us that a few days ago, under his experienced direction, two members of the Seventh Regiment accomplished the remarkable feat on a bowling-alley of tieing each other in a game of 300 points.....The premises on the west side of Third avenue, just north of Seventeenth street, are once more a billiard-room. They were originally opened as such about 1865, by Johnny Dion, and ultimately were managed by Bernard McQuiney. It would have been better for both of these promising players, by the way, if they had never seen the place. The chief business was done at the Third-avenue end of the room, near the front window, and the germs of consumption thus sown laid the youngsters in early graves. The dust of chalk has been blamed in many cases; but it is the front of the house, with its heavy draughts from the fanlight, the opening doors, and elsewhere, that has too often begotten consumption among our young players.....Chicago has an amateur ball-pool player who lately got in a running way, and could not stop. He pocketed twenty-four consecutive balls.....A prize cue was voted for at the fair held in Washington, D. C., by St. Dominic's Church. Mr. Michael Conhad of Scanlon's, proprietor of Seaton Hall Billiard-room, ...It very often happens that the loser of a game makes a better average than the winner. It has frequently happened that the winner of a tournament has made a lower "general average" than some player who has won fewer games. In such instances it has happened that the "grand average" of the winner-in chief has been surpassed by that of two or three of his competitors. It has been reserved for a Chicago newspaper, however, to show a case in which a player has made an average almost twice as high as his best run, while his opponent's average was just equal to his best run. The latter feat is not quite so astonishing, having once been accomplished in a game of 1,000 points. But in recording that Sexton in Philadelphia week before last averaged 35 7-10 to the 88 of Slosson, and that Sexton's best run was 33 to the 88 of Slosson, our Chicago contemporary chronicles a feat that heretofore has been deemed impossible. This is an age of great achievements, but rigorous fact calls for the recital that the averages of Slosson and Sexton were both below 10.....The handicap tournament in England, Eng., in which Joseph Bennett started at scratch, W. Mitchell, F. Bennett, T. Taylor, and C. Collins at 50 in 500, C. Hunt and R. Richards at 110, and the senior John Roberts at 130, terminated on the 16th ult. The first prize went to Mitchell, who won six games and lost one, he also did Richards, who ran second and second prize. Winning five games and losing two, Fred Bennett got third prize, and the fourth was secured by Taylor, who won four games and lost three. Mitchell and Richards tied, and the former won by 500 to 273, consolation of the odds of 50.....Philadelphia has an aspiring finger-player in the person of Charles McCalla of Ours Club.....Michael Scanlon of Washington, D. C., contemplates instituting an amateur tournament shortly at Seaton Hall.....Betting him two to one, Schaefer on the 30th ult. handily took Eugene Carter's measure in a champion's Game. The idea of the contest was to give Schaefer practice for his impending defeat of Sexton—unless the latter happens to come into Tammany Hall on crutches, when, using both of them in lieu of one cue, he will knock out the game to a certainty.....The tournament of English players in Manchester was brought to a close on Dec. 15. It was a handicap affair, and resulted in a tie among W. and J. Moss and Herbert Wortley, every one of whom had won five games and lost two. Rowell won four games, E. Bonciga, the Boston three each, Riley two, and Dawson one. In the game between J. Moss and Ashton, the former had a walk-over, Ashton not putting in an appearance. The three leaders divided the stakes.....The betting on the Sexton-Schaefer match was last week at the rate of 100 to 70 in favor of Schaefer. The call to settle it. And yet we see no reason for Sexton to feel discouraged.....The handicap tournaments in England have aroused emulation in Scotland. There was a tourney in Glasgow recently, and J. G. Sala won every one of his games.....Mitchell, who won the London handicap tournament, is a remarkable player. He appears to have been a very dark horse indeed, and the handicapper was befooled with respect to him. While the tourney was yet unfinished, he played an exhibition game with Joseph Bennett, who gave the odds of 100 in 1,000. Mitchell started off with a run of 336, in which were 111 spot-strokes. Then Bennett ran 379 and 148 and 150, making himself stand at 747 to Mitchell's 478. The latter from this point ran out, making not only the needed 522, but about 50 for good measure. The remarkable skill shown by Mitchell had suggested the idea of making him the recipient of a testimonial, and subscriptions to that end were about being made when our mail advices closed.....Slosson and Sexton have at present their Philadelphia exploit at the Champion's Game. They played it at John Ireland's opening, and Slosson, who was the victor, averaged about 4¼. Sexton's average was nearly 3½. It was the highest feet long and six feet wide. The result was a set-up for Duggan almost whenever the red ball was not also hit by his antagonist. Without seemingly knowing exactly why, John was in the beatific condition of the parrot and the monkey during the absence of their mistress—"having a hell of time," so to speak. Duggan thinks the new game is a good one for practicing draw-shots. It would certainly be a good one for that purpose, were his antagonist to play always on the red ball first, when there is not a sure shot from white to red.....Herman P. Butler is an applicant for a position in Shepard's new room, under Lon Morris Jr.....From time to time we have had occasion to call attention to the number of amateur billiard-players in Philadelphia who are also billiard-players. 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The chief business was done at the Third-avenue end of the room, near the front window, and the germs of consumption thus sown laid the youngsters in early graves. The dust of chalk has been blamed in many cases; but it is the front of the house, with its heavy draughts from the fanlight, the opening doors, and elsewhere, that has too often begotten consumption among our young players.....Chicago has an amateur ball-pool player who lately got in a running way, and could not stop. He pocketed twenty-four consecutive balls.....A prize cue was voted for at the fair held in Washington, D. C., by St. Dominic's Church. Mr. Michael Conhad of Scanlon's, proprietor of Seaton Hall Billiard-room. .....It very often happens that the loser of a game makes a better average than the winner. It has frequently happened that the winner of a tournament has made a lower "general average" than some player who has won fewer games. In such instances it has happened that the "grand average" of the winner-in chief has been surpassed by that of two or three of his competitors. It has been reserved for a Chicago newspaper, however, to show a case in which a player has made an average almost twice as high as his best run, while his opponent's average was just equal to his best run. The latter feat is not quite so astonishing, having once been accomplished in a game of 1,000 points. But in recording that Sexton in Philadelphia week before last averaged 35 7-10 to the 88 of Slosson, and that Sexton's best run was 33 to the 88 of Slosson, our Chicago contemporary chronicles a feat that heretofore has been deemed impossible. This is an age of great achievements, but rigorous fact calls for the recital that the averages of Slosson and Sexton were both below 10.....The handicap tournament in England, Eng., in which Joseph Bennett started at scratch, W. Mitchell, F. Bennett, T. Taylor, and C. Collins at 50 in 500, C. Hunt and R. Richards at 110, and the senior John Roberts at 130, terminated on the 16th ult. The first prize went to Mitchell, who won six games and lost one, he also did Richards, who ran second and second prize. Winning five games and losing two, Fred Bennett got third prize, and the fourth was secured by Taylor, who won four games and lost three. Mitchell and Richards tied, and the former won by 500 to 273, consolation of the odds of 50.....Philadelphia has an aspiring finger-player in the person of Charles McCalla of Ours Club.....Michael Scanlon of Washington, D. C., contemplates instituting an amateur tournament shortly at Seaton Hall.....Betting him two to one, Schaefer on the 30th ult. handily took Eugene Carter's measure in a champion's Game. The idea of the contest was to give Schaefer practice for his impending defeat of Sexton—unless the latter happens to come into Tammany Hall on crutches, when, using both of them in lieu of one cue, he will knock out the game to a certainty.....The tournament of English players in Manchester was brought to a close on Dec. 15. It was a handicap affair, and resulted in a tie among W. and J. Moss and Herbert Wortley, every one of whom had won five games and lost two. Rowell won four games, E. Bonciga, the Boston three each, Riley two, and Dawson one. In the game between J. Moss and Ashton, the former had a walk-over, Ashton not putting in an appearance. The three leaders divided the stakes.....The betting on the Sexton-Schaefer match was last week at the rate of 100 to 70 in favor of Schaefer. The call to settle it. And yet we see no reason for Sexton to feel discouraged.....The handicap tournaments in England have aroused emulation in Scotland. There was a tourney in Glasgow recently, and J. G. Sala won every one of his games.....Mitchell, who won the London handicap tournament, is a remarkable player. He appears to have been a very dark horse indeed, and the handicapper was befooled with respect to him. While the tourney was yet unfinished, he played an exhibition game with Joseph Bennett, who gave the odds of 100 in 1,000. Mitchell started off with a run of 336, in which were 111 spot-strokes. Then Bennett ran 379 and 148 and 150, making himself stand at 747 to Mitchell's 478. The latter from this point ran out, making not only the needed 522, but about 50 for good measure. The remarkable skill shown by Mitchell had suggested the idea of making him the recipient of a testimonial, and subscriptions to that end were about being made when our mail advices closed.....Slosson and Sexton have at present their Philadelphia exploit at the Champion's Game. They played it at John Ireland's opening, and Slosson, who was the victor, averaged about 4¼. Sexton's average was nearly 3½. It was the highest feet long and six feet wide. The result was a set-up for Duggan almost whenever the red ball was not also hit by his antagonist. Without seemingly knowing exactly why, John was in the beatific condition of the parrot and the monkey during the absence of their mistress—"having a hell of time," so to speak. Duggan thinks the new game is a good one for practicing draw-shots. It would certainly be a good one for that purpose, were his antagonist to play always on the red ball first, when there is not a sure shot from white to red.....Herman P. Butler is an applicant for a position in Shepard's new room, under Lon Morris Jr.....From time to time we have had occasion to call attention to the number of amateur billiard-players in Philadelphia who are also billiard-players. As a rule, the professional billiard people in that city are not expert in baseball. This has been strikingly illustrated in the case of the young man who attends the pool-table in the Continental Hotel. A few evenings ago, one of the players in the game threw a pocketed ball towards him, possibly with the view of lightening his duties. It seems to have been a fly-ball, but the gamekeeper was not "fly" to it, and the result was that about six ounces of solid ivory hit him in the forehead. He was not killed, but for this he can thank the modern size of table. Had the thrower been required to cover the length of a six-by-twelve, the added velocity of the flying ball would have caused a "corner" in crape wherewith to deck the left arms of the employes of the Continental Hotel. As it was, a lump was raised on the forehead of that gamekeeper, and he would easily have been mistaken for the twin brother of Patsy Fitzgerald.....This allusion to Patsey, who is still engineer of the tenpin alleys at Joseph Dion's room, and supervisor of billiards when the tenpins are not tottering, reminds us that a few days ago, under his experienced direction, two members of the Seventh Regiment accomplished the remarkable feat on a bowling-alley of tieing each other in a game of 300 points.....The premises on the west side of Third avenue, just north of Seventeenth street, are once more a billiard-room. They were originally opened as such about 1865, by Johnny Dion, and ultimately were managed by

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canada, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan. 5.

LADIES' LIST.

Abbott, Emma
Arnot, May (late of Pittsburg)
Austin, Cora (gymnast)
Austin, Blanche
Adell, Helen
Blair, Miss E. M.
Beaumont, Stella
Bell, Bessie (vocalist)
Beeman, Alice
Barretta, Mlle.
Bland, Nellie
Belmont, Blanche (of Ward's Thea., Paterson)
Beaumont, Nellie (2)
Burns, Mrs. Thos. H.
Bent, Belle
Brinkerhoff, Mad.
Clara
Chonie, A.V. Curtis (care Tony Pastor)
Cristy, Maggie
Campbell, Violet
Cushing, Bella
Coleman, Kate (of Coleman Sisters)
Craven, Winnetta
Carlyn, Nettie (vocalist)
Clifton, Ada
Courtland, Carrie (of Courtland Sist.)
Dutton, Mrs. Helen
DeFranchis, Mrs. S. A.
Devenport, Hattie (specialties)
Dickinson, Annie E.
Evans, Alice (of Mocrosco Pant. Co.)
Fox, Annie
Fisk, May
Fisher, Mrs. Emma
Fanchon, Mlle.
Gough, Minnie (of Pastor's Co.)
Holman, Mrs. Harriett
Haslam, Hulda
Hindle, Annie (2)
Holdsworth, Mrs. S.
Hall, Minnie
Harris, Sadie (of Vincent's Minstrels)
Herring, Fannie
Jeal, Linda
Keenan, Mrs. Nellie (2)
Kerwin, Minnie
Langdon, Mrs. C. H.
Lottie, Mlle. (of Pastor's Co.)
Loane, Josie (of Pastor's Co.)
Lorraine, Mlle. (trapezist)
Lindsay, Jennie
Leaman, Clara V.
Lanning, Lizzie (of Ward's Thea., Paterson)
Lee, Lavater T.
Leister & Williams
Mayer, Marcus
Melbourne, F. E.
Mann, Harry
McDonald & Reed
Mauritius, Wm.
Murphy, Dan (dancer)
Morton, Harry (Dutch "biz")
McWade, Robt.
McVicker, J. of (Jack McVicker)
Manley, Joe (Dutch "biz")
Geyer, Frank
Hall & Williams
Halleys, The (song-and-dance)
Haverly, J. H.
Hamlin, Col.
Herbert, Chas. F.
Howard, Larry (manager)
Hall, James
Hall, Harry F.
Harris, Geo.
Hogan Bros.
Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.)
Hasson, Billy & Nellie
Hill, G. A.
Harris & Wood
Hodge, H. (of London Circus)
Harrison, Eugene
H.
Hoey, W. (of Pastor's Co.)
Hodgdon, S. (of Merry Makers Co.)
Hall, Geo. A.
Hall, Ocie
Hassall, Frank
Hospital, Carl (of Hogan Bros.)
Hutchinson, J. L. (manager)
Hall, A. W.
Hume, Dick
Hume, Mrs. E.
Jordan, R. (of Howorth's Hib.)
Jones, Amy
Keens, A. (of Em. Leland's Co.)
Kelly & Harry
Kine Bros.
Kenny, W. P.
King, Mrs. (of Kilraford Bros.)
LaRue W. (of Albaugh's Minstrels)
Lynch, L.S. (manager)
Leopold, E. (of Lewis' Comb.)
Leslie Bros. (gymnasts) (2)
Lane, J. H.
Lamont, — (of Lemmont & Ducrow)
Lawton, Jack
Leach, Jeff (of Howard Athenaeum) (2)
Lorpe, Chas.
Lauri, Harry (juggler)
Layden, J. (of Grob)
Leonzo Bros.
Lee, Lavater T.
Miller, Mrs. Emma
Mayer, Marcus
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Lester & Williams

THE SPANISH STUDENTS and other amusement affairs in Boston, Mass., are thus reviewed by our correspondent, writing on Jan. 4:

The arrival of the Spanish Students, after twenty-one days of tempestuous ocean-travel, and their first appearance in America at the Park Theatre, Jan. 2, gave a fresh impetus to the pantomime of "Humpty Dumpty," which till that date had begun to languish, but has since been repeated to crowded audiences. There are fifteen performers in the troupe, which is led by Senor Ignacio Martin, their instruments being one violin, five guitars of fourteen and sixteen strings each, and nine mandolines of twelve strings each. Their stage-attire is made of black velvet, breeches and hose, a cloak being thrown over the right shoulder and a bow of yellow-and-red ribbon ornamenting the other, their heads surmounted by a black-felt hat, in which is placed an ivory spoon, the distinctive badge of the Spanish student. They appeared between the second and third acts of the pantomime, and gave the only performance of that division, which consisted of four selections—a waltz, the overture to "Martha," and two Spanish dances. Their playing is remarkable for the precision and unanimity with which their instruments are manipulated, and they not only made a decided hit, but their performance was artistic in a musical sense. "Humpty Dumpty" and the Spanish Students remain only the present week, and are to be followed 12 by J. K. Emmet in "Fritz in Ireland" 19, Lawrence Barrett in "Yorick's Love," supported by his own company....."Enchantment" has drawn crowded houses at the Globe Theatre the past week, and the management have decided to keep it one week longer, as arrangements having been made with Oliver Doud Byron by which his engagement has been postponed one week, and on 12 he will appear for the first time in this theatre. Mr. Byron will be succeeded 19 by Haverly's Mastodon Minstrels, who are already extensively billed.....The Tourists in a Pullman Palace Car" closed at the Gaiety Theatre 3 one of the most successful engagements ever played in this theatre, the house during their three weeks' season being crowded at each performance. The one hundredth performance of the extravaganza was given evening of 3, and as a memento of the occasion satin programmes were distributed. "Evangeline" will be produced 5 by the Almayne Comedy and Dramatic Company, whose stay is limited to the week. Neil Burgess in "Widow Bedott" follows.....The first half of the past week at the Boston Museum witnessed the last performances for the present of "Our Girls." For the remaining nights, excepting 3, "Doctor Clyde" was revived, and evening of 5 for Charles Barron's benefit, "The Three Guardsmen" and "A Conjugal Lesson" were given to a crowded house. 5, engagement of Dion Boucicault and first production at this theatre of "The Shaughraun." During the Boucicault season his son, Dion G., may make his debut here as Hamlet.....The last performance for the present by the regular company at the Boston Theatre was given evening of 3, when Thomas W. Keene repeated his remarkably able performances of Richard III, supported by the same cast as when given a week previous. The second annual benefit of the Boston lodge of Elks occurs at this theatre afternoon of 8, when a volunteer bill of great magnitude will be given, comprising the first act of "Sweethearts," by Horace Lewis, E. E. Parker, and Susie Cluer; fourth act of "Richard III," with Thomas W. Keene and the Boston Theatre Company; one act of "Pique," by the Almayne Comedy Company; vocal selections by the Temple Quartet, members of Her Majesty's Opera Company, Abbie R. Carrington and the Boston Opera Company; instrumental numbers by John J. Braham's Boston Museum orchestra, Henry Wannemacher and orchestra; Walter Emerson, the Boston Cadet Band of thirty-five pieces, and E. N. Catlin and Park Theatre orchestra, a scene from Enchantm e nt;" and Abbey & Hickey's "Humpty Dumpty" and Spanish Students' Troupe, besides variety and miscellaneous features by Schoolcraft and Coes, Cool Burgess, Harris and Carrill, Favor and Shields, Awata Katsoshin, Sol Smith Russell, and Bartley Campbell, who recites his new poem "My Babe of Incalco.".....The Count Joannes (George Jones), whose death occurred in your city last week, was a noted personage in Boston, both as actor and advocate. He had a daughter (Caroline), now Mrs. William L. Powney, who is with her daughter, Avonia, in Italy. The Count's appearances on the Boston stage of late years were far between. At the Howard Athenæum, on the evening of Jan. 28, 1860, he played Hamlet at a complimentary testimonial given him, with Charlotte Crampton as the Queen and Frank S. Finn as the Second Gravedigger. We add him play Hamlet in the Boston Theatre March 12, 1864, on the occasion of a benefit arranged for him, and also made his farewell to the Boston public at the same house, May 20, 1871, when he acted Richard III.

.....Extra matinees were given at nearly all of our theatres New Year's Day.....W. E. Holmes, choir-master at the Park Theatre, received from his assistants a New Year's gift in the form of a pair of gold cuff-buttons.....Mr. and Mrs. John Clayton (Eva Bouclault) have been visiting Boston.....Little Zoe Tuttle has left Haverly's Juvenile "Pinafore" Company and returned to this city.....'Hearts of Steel" will soon be produced at one of our theatres.....Charles H. Clarke has dissolved his connection with Farrar & Clarke's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" party, and joined that of Anthony & Ellis as stage-manager.....A private dress-rehearsal of the burlesque of "The Magic Slipper" was given by the Corinne Opera Troupe at Union's Opera-house 2, preparatory to the commencement of a prolonged provincial tour. It proved quite large and select, and if the burlesque takes as well with paying auditors as it did with the guests of the evening the managers will find "there's millions in it." The piece is well cloaked, as no one has made prominent at the expense of the others, and as performed by the lads and misses is pretty certain to take with our country cousins. The performers are the cream of the now defunct Murphy's Juvenile Opera Troupe and the Juvenile "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company, and were selected for their musical and dramatic abilities. Considering that only three weeks have passed since the inception and realization of the idea, their proficiency is something remarkable and highly creditable to their preceptress, Jenny Kimball. Little Corinne, who made the hit of the children's "Pinafore" company at the Boston Museum last Summer, is the heroine. Her remarkable precocity was again abundantly shown, and her clear voice and superior and expressive singing gained enthusiastic applause. Little Blanche Sherwood was Prince Popoff, and as old as the original, so well had she been drilled and instructed in her business, song-and-dances. Bobby and Danny Daly, the Baron Balderdash and Don Quixote, were exceedingly comical in action and song, their clog-dance being redemanded, while the rest of the cast was in good hands, which after more frequent rehearsal and performance will furnish a most acceptable entertainment. T. F. Florence & Co. are the proprietors; Mrs. Jennie Kimball, directress; George A. Jones, business-manager; and Fred. J. Eustis, musical director and conductor. Frank L. Union occupies the house 5, and presents "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "Nan the Good-for-nothing," with Misses Gertie Blanchard, Mary Gilchrest, Mrs. F. L. Union, and the Messrs. W. A. Lanigan, M. E. Casey, E. E. Parker, John Armstrong, L. A. Hendricks and A. J. Holland.....John F. Addams, the author and Yankee comedian, is soon to receive a complimentary benefit.....J. Edwin Milliken, who left the Dickie Lingard Combination in Chicago, will form one of Mr. Willette's company, which opens in New Haven, Ct., 5.....The Lewis Dramatic Party, which includes Horace Lewis, Susie Cluer, Zina Armond, E. E. Parker, E. Y. Backus and John Armstrong, perform in the Holbrook lecture course 7.....Denman Thompson and company commence a four weeks' season at the Boston Theatre 12.....The Novelty Theatre is closed, after being open three weeks. No announcements as to its future are made.....Lawrence J. McArthy, prompter of the Boston Theatre, was presented by the dramatic company 20 with a gold watch-chain, a locket and an address elegantly engrossed on parchment.

FROM OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., letter, dated Dec. 20, which arrived too late for publication in our past issue, we extract the following.

The torrents of rain that fell day and night made the attendance meagre at all of the theatres save the Bush-street, where the burlesque of "Pif-Paf, or the Mad Gun," acted by the Colville Company, drew crowded audiences, and achieved a greater success than all of the burlesques previously produced by that troupe. "Fra Diavolo" is to be produced Christmas-ve "Courtship," acted for the first time in this city at Baldwin's Dec. 14, did not meet with the success that its numerous merits deserved. It will be acted for the last time 21, when the gross receipts are to be given to the fund for the relief of the sufferers in Ireland. The theatre is to be closed 22 for a dress rehearsal of "The New Babylon," which is to be produced 23, and the cast will include, besides the entire dramatic company—with the exception of Miss Jeffreys Lewis and James O'Neil—Mlle. Rosetti, premier dancer; Jimmy Ward, Lizzie Leroy, Hattie Kelsey, Laura Bell, May Cassell, Carrie Winnette, coryphees; the Davene Family, acrobats; the American Four, song-and-dance; and the Southern Students, eight in number. Clara Morris is expected to open here Jan. 19, 1880. Charles Goodwin, during his recent visit East, secured the right to produce "My Partner" and "French Flats," and made an engagement with Kate Claxton to commence in March next.....At the California, Pope Cook has been playing in "Fashion vogue" in "The Two Sisters" is to be produced Dec. 22.....Thorn and Darvin are to retire from the Standard 22, and be succeeded by Herrmann.....The Grand Opera house is to be opened 21 for M. A. Kennedy's season of grand opera, whose members, or Children of the Air," an extravaganza, with John E. Owens in the chief character, is to be produced 24.....Amory Sullivan and Adeline Stanhope sail for Australia 22.....The present weekly rental of the California Theatre is $250.....Miss Jeffreys Lewis was recently presented by a friend with a handsome medallion.

OUR CALIFORNIA LETTER, dated San Francisco, Dec. 28, is as under: "The Christmas attractions have tempted amusement-seekers to largely patronize the various theatres. At Baldwin's crowded houses have been the rule during the entire week; to witness "The New Babylon,' a drama which in the present instance owes its success entirely to the specialties introduced. The Davenes have achieved a decided hit, and their feats are nightly encored. The American Four—each member of which is an artist—is a very powerful magnet to invest an audience. E. A. Sothern comes Jan. 12, and Lotta 19.....At Ford's Opera house, writes our correspondent, "we have had something new—a revel of fun. The play, as prepared by Miss Ford, was first presented in Baltimore Dec. 20 by Ford's Opera Company. As the Baltimore correspondent has not given a synopsis, I venture to furnish a short sketch of what promises to become a popular comedy—'On the Pacific, or Innocents Abroad.' Among the heterogeneous ingredients thrown together in the saloon of the steamship Zionphon are Mr. Colepepper (with an only daughter, and she was passing fair), a rich commissioner; Sir Solomon, a high Indian official; Major Hector McTurk; a Capt. Clavering, a staff-officer; an attractive married lady, Mrs. Sebright; a dashing married lady, Mrs. Lovibond; several officers of the ship; and last, Tom Dexter. Mr. Colepepper and Sir Solomon are both desperately in love with Mrs. Sebright, and each offer her very tempting inducements to bestow her hand upon him. The lady plays them as a skillful angler does a trout, but keeps them well out in the stream. Meanwhile McTurk is quite as busy seeking to captivate Mrs. Lovibond, an ex-actress, who is now inhabiting a cottage on the shore. Her behavior. Mr. Colepepper's daughter all this time is closely attended by Captain Clavering, who appears neither to have won her confidence or her affections. This is the state of affairs when odd Tom Dexter appears upon the scene. This individual suddenly appears amidst all this cooing and billing upon the captain's invitation, brought about in this manner: The ship's surgeon is stricken down with fever, but his place is more than filled by the services of Tom Dexter, a steerage passenger, who, besides being a skillful medico, proves himself an able and considerate adviser and consoler. The Captain takes Tom into his cabin and inducts him into the sick Doctor's place; and Tom, nothing loth, soon becomes the ruling spirit of the scene. He gives Mrs. Sebright to understand that her flirtations may not be so innocent as she deems them, makes Mrs. Lovibond mind her p's and q's, cuts the comb of Captain Clavering, and brings to Miss Colepepper's recollection the fact that her life was saved during the Sepoy mutiny by a gentleman not unlike Tom Dexter. There is an under current of broad farce running through this piece. Mr. Lovibond had bought the ticket of a man accused of felony, and had given the name corresponding with the ticket; a detective shadows him, and a variety of droll situations grow out of this queer misunderstanding. In Act 3, when the steamer has been wrecked and the whole party has been thrown upon the island of Philadelphia, the lions skin is dropped, and all the personages appear as they really are. It is Christmas-eve, when a passing ship is hailed and relief is promised in a few hours. The party then gives way to the jolliest fun. Music and mirth are dominant, songs are sung, and everybody seems imbued with a duty in contributing to the half-carnival, half-festival that follows. Christmas-eve never knew a happier party—the beauty of the island, the cleverness and versatility of the passengers, the inventive genius of Lovibond and Dexter, all combine in a seasonable, joyous and varied entertainment. Geo. Denham and Mrs. Germon as Mr. and Mrs. Lovibond were irresistibly funny, and kept the house in a continual roar of laughter. The singing of the gems of the operas of 'Pinafore, 'Fatinitza,' 'Electric Light' and 'Little Duke,' by Edward Hoff, and the Misses Blanche Thompson, Emma Penny, Marie Boeske and some of the Juvenile Opera Company was the feature of the last act, which closes with the grand march from 'Fatinitza.' The 'Octoroon' will be presented 5 by Gotthold's Combination."

GENEVIEVE WARD is reported to have made a decided success in England as Stephanie in the new play by Merrivale and Grove entitled "Forget-me-not." She will return to this country in the Fall, and will make an extended tour, playing in the above drama under the management of W. E. Sinn, the energetic manager of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Park Theatre. The play has been copyrighted here, and Manager Sinn publishes a warning elsewhere to all who have a piratical tendency in that direction.

FLORENCE'S NEW PLAY.—Our Chicago, Ill., correspondent on Jan. 5 wrote as follows:

At McVicker's Theatre, B. E. Woolf's new play, written for the Florences, entitled "A Million," received its first production on the stage—at least, a metropolitan stage, it having had but two presentations before, one each in Nashville and Evansville—Dec. 29, 1879, and was continued 30, Jan. 1, and matinee 3. "The Mighty Dollar" being offered at the performances of 31, Jan. 2, 3, and matinee 1. The story of "A Million" is very slight indeed. In the will of the great uncle (just deceased) of Launce Jerningham he is left a million of money, provided he marries his great-uncle's ward; if not, the money goes to Mrs. Flinn Dacey. A Mr. Barton Crump and his supposed daughter, Miss Geraldine, mysteriously appear upon the scene, the latter of whom Mr. Jerningham insists upon loving and marrying, and she finally turns out to be the ward with the million. Prof Marx Adolph Opstein has a daughter, Bertha, and a niece, Dora Land, whom he is anxious to marry off, and who both fall in love with and are proposed to by Mr. Sumner. Afterwards they go through a similar double experience with Mr. Powyss, and finally settle the matter by the daughter taking Mr. Powyss for a partner for life, and Dora taking Sumner. The quaint old flag to be hoisted immediately. No sooner had it been done than the detachment reappeared, and ordered it lowered. Manager Grayson refused compliance, stating that it was an American show, backed by American capital, managed by Americans, that they had complied with all legal demands, and consequently had a perfect right to fly any colors they saw fit. The *Pronunciado* Commander replied that the flag must come down and there be substituted, saying that only a few days before they had thrown the American flag in the American Consul's face in Chihuahua, and defied him. Grayson replied that he would defend his flag. The *Pronunciados* made a move to the hallards, and Grayson fired; his fire was returned, but no damage was done. At this juncture a superior *Pronunciado* official appeared, and the matter was apparently quieted. After the night-show the canvas was literally torn to shreds, the wagon-wheels were destroyed, and the beds burnt. Frank Taylor authorized Grayson to pay the company to date, and furnish transportation to the place of original starting. Taylor, Grayson and the band, as well as myself, arrived here to-day. The band already has an engagement. Frank Taylor leaves this P. M. for Austin, while Mark Grayson, who is the recipient of an honorary Christmas dinner here to-day, leaves, accompanied by the writer 26, for Fort Worth, Texas."

JOHN T. RAYMOND and company are billed in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 5, 6, Montgomery 7, 8, Opelika 9, Columbus, Ga., 10, Atlanta 12, 13, Murfreesboro, Tenn., 14, Columbia 15, Nashville 16, 17, and Memphis 19, for one week.

C. L. DAVIS' COMBINATION acted "Alvin Joslyn" in the Theatre Royal, Montreal, P. Q., the past week.

JOSEPH A. GULICK'S Dramatic Alliance, supporting Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," are to perform in Lake City, Minn., Jan. 14, Stillwater 15, St. Paul 16, 17, Minneapolis 19, 20.

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES RANKEN and company played the past week in Boulder, Cal. Besides them, the company includes Clara Plunkett, Genevra Canavan, Miss Blanche, J. S. Overton, C. Theodore, J. E. Howe, H. Plunkett and J. H. Murray.

LOUISE POMEROY'S COMBINATION is billed in Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 5, 6, Greensboro 7, 8, Charlotte 9, 10, Greenville 12, 13.

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DEFENDING THE AMERICAN FLAG.—A correspondent traveling with the International Show, Frank Taylor proprietor and Mark Grayson manager, writes to THE CLIPPER from Fort Concho, Texas, on Dec. 23, as follows: "Since writing from Camargo, Mexico, 19 November last, the show under its new management met with success until it reached the State of Chihuahua, where, owing to the revolution, things were in a chaotic state. On several occasions the management were notified to haul down the American colors, which streamed from our centre pole; but no attention was paid to the matter. On reaching San Diego and spreading the canvas, Dec. 6, a detachment of *Pronunciados* came to the tent and hauled down the American flag, leaving word that if it was reset the canvas would be demolished and the company punished. Manager Grayson, returning to the tent, and being informed of the facts, caused the old flag to be hoisted immediately. No sooner had it been done than the detachment reappeared, and ordered it lowered. Manager Grayson refused compliance, stating that it was an American show, backed by American capital, managed by Americans, that they had complied with all legal demands, and consequently had a perfect right to fly any colors they saw fit. The *Pronunciado* Commander replied that the flag must come down and there be substituted, saying that only a few days before they had thrown the American flag in the American Consul's face in Chihuahua, and defied him. Grayson replied that he would defend his flag. The *Pronunciados* made a move to the hallards, and Grayson fired; his fire was returned, but no damage was done. At this juncture a superior *Pronunciado* official appeared, and the matter was apparently quieted. After the night-show the canvas was literally torn to shreds, the wagon-wheels were destroyed, and the beds burnt. Frank Taylor authorized Grayson to pay the company to date, and furnish transportation to the place of original starting. Taylor, Grayson and the band, as well as myself, arrived here to-day. The band already has an engagement. Frank Taylor leaves this P. M. for Austin, while Mark Grayson, who is the recipient of an honorary Christmas dinner here to-day, leaves, accompanied by the writer 26, for Fort Worth, Texas."

JOHN T. RAYMOND and company are billed in Mobile, Ala., Jan. 5, 6, Montgomery 7, 8, Opelika 9, Columbus, Ga., 10, Atlanta 12, 13, Murfreesboro, Tenn., 14, Columbia 15, Nashville 16, 17, and Memphis 19, for one week.

C. L. DAVIS' COMBINATION acted "Alvin Joslyn" in the Theatre Royal, Montreal, P. Q., the past week.

JOSEPH A. GULICK'S Dramatic Alliance, supporting Harry Webber in "Nip and Tuck," are to perform in Lake City, Minn., Jan. 14, Stillwater 15, St. Paul 16, 17, Minneapolis 19, 20.

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THE FOUR ST. FELIX SISTERS,
HARRY WOODSON,
MLLE. BARRETTA,
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FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

EUROPEAN NOVELTIES.

"Le Petit duc 'Tambour-Major,"

a new three-act comic-opera, by MM. Chivot and Duru, music by M. Offenbach, was recently produced at the Folies-Dramatiques, Paris. A correspondent tells the story as follows: The scene is laid in Italy, in the year 1800, and the curtain rises on a ladies' convent at the foot of Mount St. Bernard. The young inmates talk a great deal about the French, who are said not to be far off, for they had left, they or their comrades, the most favorable remembrances of their last passage, four years previously. Public rumor had informed these young ladies most accurately, for the old gardener—a convent of any respectability would be nothing without an old gardener—hurries in excitedly to announce that a detachment of Napoleon's army is at the gates, and the Lady Superior and her precious flock—who would much prefer to await the arrival of the gallant invaders without flinching—have only time to hide themselves, when the three-cornered hat of a French infantry soldier makes its appearance. This belongs to Drummer Griolet, after whom come Drum-major Monthabor, and finally Lieut. Robert, who is in command of the little band, which appears to have suffered very little in its progress across the mountains. Probably they are Parisians, and that they were as accustomed as we are at the moment to snow and a Siberian temperature after [a fortnight with the mercury fifteen or twenty degrees below freezing-point. Just as any other troops who arrive in the first act of a comic opera, they naturally set about eating and drinking, so as to furnish the composer with a pretext for some songs; but, as ill-luck has it, their stock of provisions is exhausted, and not a living soul is to be found in the convent. Drummer Griolet, who is the keenest forager of the party, is not long, however, in discovering in a cell, wherein she had been shut up to undergo penance, a pretty little *rebelle* who undertakes to show them the way to the fowls' house, the cellar, and all the convent cupboards. The table is spread in a twinkling, and the whole band soon take their places at it with an alacrity that is quite touching. Far from Lieut. Robert any silly notions of pride; he hobnobs with his men, and even allows the Drum-major to call him Robert without any roundabouts, and is treated on a perfect footing of equality by all. This free-and-easy style naturally renders him extremely popular; but it seems strange that he had never received a hint from his colonel that he ought to maintain a better sense of the distance to be observed between an officer and those under his command. When the jovial repast is finished, however, the French soldiers make a tour of the environs of the convent, and soon fall in with a pair of droll characters enough, one old, the other young. The former is the Duke Della Volta, father of Stella, the little girl who has done the honors of the convent so graphically to Lieut. Robert and his detachment, and the latter the Marquis Bambini, a noble gentleman destined to be her husband. They have come to take her to her mother, the Duchess Della Volta. Stella is grieved to leave her companions, who have before this emerged from their hiding-places, but she regrets still more the company of the soldiers, who are at the same time so gay and so courteous, and with whom she has passed such a pleasant day. She bids them all a warm farewell, and to Lieut. Robert especially would like to say "au revoir!" The second act passes at Novara, in the Palace of the Duke Della Volta, and we soon learn that the old nobleman is not Stella's father. The Duchess had been married prior to wreathing her head with the strawberry-leaves, and the pretty little friend of the French army is the fruit of the previous union. The Duke and some grand seigneurs are congratulating themselves on the success of the Austrian general, and laugh at the presumption of the French, who had boasted they would occupy Italy; they must, these patricians think, have been thrown back and routed long before this. On the stage, when people are spoken of in this strain, you know well as a rule that they very soon appear at the wings. So it is in the present case, for the Duke has hardly spoken when Robert, Monthabor, and Griolet come to present a billeting order, drawn up in the most correct form. The master of the house cannot imagine what has occurred to render such an accident as this possible, but there is no evading the occular evidence before him, so he gives way with the worst grace in the world; he will lodge the soldiers in the lofts, and they will eat in the kitchen; then he orders them to get out of sight as soon as possible, for there is to be a reception at the palace, where that very day is to be signed the contract of marriage of the Marquis Bambini with little Stella, always supposing that young lady consents to it, which is by no means so certain. Here occurs the coup de theatre which we had all anticipated. The Duchess enters and finds herself face to face with Monthabor, whereupon they mutually exclaim "Margot!" "Bernard!" and her ladyship adopts the simple method, under awkward circumstances, of fainting away. But this device does not long enable her to escape the interrogation which her first husband, the Drum-major, is about to make her undergo. A fainting fit cannot last beyond a stated time, and brave Monthabor wants to know what has become of his child, the daughter of Bernard the dyer and Margot the laundress. The latter, naturally enough, desires to avert a scene of recognition that would be extremely compromising for the illustrious house of Della Volta, and accordingly tells a thumping lie, maintaining that she had left the poor little child in a boarding-school at Paris; but, as for Stella, she is the Duke's daughter. This explanation does not satisfy the old soldier, and a dramatic scene ensues, which is touchingly rendered and capitally played. The Drum-major feels himself attracted towards Stella by some invisible influence; and she, on her side, is far from reluctant to converse with her tall comrade of some time previously. Monthabor strives to revive in her mind a memory of the past, and asks her if she had always lived in a palace as she does now. The girl remembers perfectly a time when her home was a poor and naked room, and also recollects that she once was almost killed by runaway horses, and had been rescued by a man at the risk of his life, who used often come to pet her in her cradle, and bring her toys of all sorts, and she has not forgotten that his hands were never of the same color. Doubt is no longer possible; Stella is the daughter of Bernard the dyer. During this interval, the French, threatened by superior forces, have left the town, leaving behind them Robert, Griolet, Monthabor, and Claudine the vivandiere. The Duke is overjoyed, and attempts to make the latter prisoners, but they are soon joined by a second vivandiere, little Stella, who has donned a new uniform intended for Claudine, declaring that she is resolved to go with her real father, the Drum-major. As she does so she says, for the French find little difficulty in cutting a passage for themselves through the crowd of dandies armed with mere "toasting forks." In the third act we find Robert and Claudine in a Milan inn, though how they have reached that city is not very clear. However, there they are, and Griolet, Monthabor and Stella soon rejoin them, all three disguised, the former as a Highschurch dignitary, the second as a Monk, and the little lady as an English coachman. It would be unpardonable for a young lady clad in British livery not to sing a song set to a gig air of some kind or other, and a husband under the cowl of a Carthusian is equally bound to hear his wife's confession, especially when the lady is, like the Duchess, only too willing to sing the praises of her first lord and master before the interment of her second spouse. And it would be culpable for a dignitary like Griolet not to pass himself off in the eyes of a silly old fool like the Duke for the son of the Governor of Milan, and not to profit by the trick in order to set Della Volta and Co. at work. All these ingenious devices would be labor lost, however, if a little later the French army did not make its triumphant entry into the capital of Lombardy, with bands playing Mehul's "Chant du Depart" in the midst of an enthusiastic population waving tricolor flags. Under such glorious circumstances how could Lieut. Robert receive a refusal to his demand for Stella's hand, and Claudine consoles herself for her disappointment in not becoming an officer's lady by marrying Drummer Griolet, who adores her. The libretto is very gay and animated, and really amusing, while M. Offenbach's score is written under the happiest inspiration; the composer had not, indeed, for a long time given us anything so sparkling and attractive. Madame Simon-Girard appeared as the heroine, her mother as the Duchess, Mlle. Noemie Vernon as the Vivandiere, M. Luco as the Drum-major, and M. Mauge as the Duke.

"Such a Good Man,"

a three-act comedy-drama, by Walter Besant and James Rice, was produced on the opening night of the Olympic Theatre, London, Dec. 18. The plot is as follows: The "good man" of the title is Sir Jacob Rosenbon, Bart., described as "contractor, etc," who is a humbug, and a very shallow one. He has ten years before we make his acquaintance, descended to crime as a fraudulent trustee, for he has taken the money of his ward, Julian Carteret, to prop up the failing fortunes of his house. Now again he is on the verge of bankruptcy. He learns the terrible fact from his managing clerk, John Gower, who asserts that in three weeks the nice little sum of £60,000 must be forthcoming, or there will be "an end," and Sir Jacob will be a victim of ruin and disgrace. Sir Jacob cannot get the money, but John Gower can. And how? Well, he has in his pocket certain mechanical drawings over which he has pondered for twenty years. They are the invention for a machine that will regenerate the world, and to prove particularly beneficial to the rising generation. Sir Jacob sees at a glance that they are worth £60,000, and all his fears concerning bankruptcy instantly vanish. John Gower, however, has a condition to make. He has long loved Sir Jacob's niece, Rose, and now he wants her hand. There is, unknown to John, a difficulty in the way in the person of Julian Carteret, Rose's accepted lover. Sir Jacob removes that by telling her of the ruin and disgrace that must come upon him and many others unless she consents to marry John Gower. Rose is compelled to accede to the Baronet's wishes, and John Gower, made supremely happy, goes off to quite a paternal interest in the young couple, but satisfies himself, and M. Bombonnel, that the young aspirant is utterly unworthy the hand of his friend. He is a scamp and a rake, and the marriage is broken off. Suddenly, however, a new light is thrown on the case by the discovery that the book previously assumed to be evidence of the identity of Montonnet's child formed part of the library of Riblet Sr., and that Montonnet is, therefore, not nearly so intimately related to the charming Lidoine as he is to the youth who followed so closely in his own footsteps. This incident gives rise to an exciting piece of burlesque, ending, after all, in the union of the two young people, round whom so many doubts hang from first to last.

"The Falcon,"

Alfred Tennyson's one-act play (already briefly referred to in THE CLIPPER), founded on the "Decameron" of Boccacio, was first performed at the St. James Theatre, London, Dec. 18. The story may be briefly told: The Count Alberghi has for many a year loved the Lady Giovanna. Shortly before her marriage they had met at a fete, and the lover had placed upon her fair head a chaplet of mountain flowers, which wreath he afterwards treasures as a memorial of a love-dream of the past, which never gladdened his waking hours as a reality, for there had been a deadly feud between the houses in olden times, as between the Capulets and Montagues, and, yielding to the entreaties of a stern brother, the Lady Giovanna married. The period chosen by Mr. Tennyson is when the lady, left a widow, with an only son in delicate health, comes, after the lapse of years, to her old lover to implore a boon. The Count had spent his whole fortune in making magnificent presents to the lady, and is living in a small cottage in the neighborhood of her splendid castle. His companions are his old nurse and his soldier-servant and a favorite falcon. So bare has the household become that Pippo, the servant, declares nothing is left but the shelves and hooks, and he could hang himself upon the hooks when he sees the empty shelves. But nurse and servant are filled with wonder when the Lady Giovanna herself is seen entering the cottage. She has brought with her the Count's latest gift, some costly diamonds, and her intention is, if he will consent, to exchange them for the falcon, as her sick boy has a craving for the bird. There is no refreshment to offer the lady but a dish of prunes, and nothing to furnish the table with but a clean cloth, for the nurse has broken the last bowl and Pippo has trodden upon the last spoon, and there is nothing for the breakfast of the visitor. Suddenly the Count thinks of the falcon. The unfortunate bird is killed and served up for the lady's repast; but when, with much delicacy and high-bred feeling, the Lady Giovanna mentions the one desire of her sick child, the Count, horror-struck, confesses what has become of his favorite bird. Overcome by this last act of generous self-denial, Giovanna yields to the promptings of her heart, and a mutual declaration of love closes the little play. Mrs. Kendal appears as the Lady Giovanna and Mr. Kendal as the Count.

DRAMATIC.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.—The novelties offered to the playgoers of the British metropolis during the Christmas holidays were as follow: At Drury-Lane, "Blue Beard," the principal characters being distributed among the Vokes Family; Coventgarden, "Sinbad the Sailor," with Miss Fannie Leslie as Sinbad; Vaudeville, "Castles in the Air," a new comedietta; Gayety, "Gulliver's Travels;" Surrey, "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, or Harlequin the Wicked Wizard and the Good Genii of the Enchanted Cave;" Park, "Beauty and the Beast;" Sadler's Wells, "The Forty Thieves, or Abdallah's 'Arrys;" National Standard, "Bluebeard Rewived;" Islington's Amphitheatre, "Aladdin, the Wonderful Lamp and the Forty Thieves;" Grecian, "Rokoko the Rock Fiend," with George Conquest in the principal role; Pavilion, "The Children in the Wood, or the Harlequin Cock-robin, the Wicked Uncle, and the Little Pledges' that were Taken In;" Alhambra, "Rothemago, or the Magic Watch;" Britannia, "The Shepherd's Star, or Capricon and the Planet Sprite;" Crystal Palace, "Jack the Giant-killer, or Harlequin Fairy Spitsful and Good King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table;" Alexandra Palace, "Little Jack Horner, Goody Two-shoes and the Three Bears;" Imperial, "Little Red Ridinghood and Little Boy Blue;" Victoria, "Bluff King Hal, or Herne the Hunter and the Jolly Miller of the Dee;" Marylebone, "Cinderella;" Albion, "Jack and Jill, or Harlequin Sing a Song of Sixpence, the Demon Blackbird, and the Good Fairies of the Gold and Silver Ferns."

CHARLES SMITHERS, scenic-artist, died in Manchester, Eng., Dec. 11, aged 46.

CHARLES J. A. BEDFORD, stage-manager of Coventgarden Theatre, died Dec. 12 in London, Eng., aged 37.

MUSICAL.

MADAME HALEVY, widow of Fromenthal Halevy, has just completed a statue of her late husband on which she has been engaged, having already produced a bust of the celebrated composer of "La Juive." The figure was executed to the order of the Works Department of the Paris Municipality, and is intended to fill one of the recesses in the facade of the Hotel-de-Ville.

CARL ROSA will open Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Jan. 10, with English opera.

JOHN GEORGE JACKSON, professor of music, died in Liverpool, Eng., Dec. 3, while under the influence of chloroform, administered preliminary to a surgical operation for the removal of a portion of the bone from an injured leg.

THE AUTOGRAPH SCORE of Handel's opera "Amadigi" and that of Mozart's Quintetto in D major brought respectively £35 10s. and forty-three guineas when sold at auction by Puttrick & Simpson in London, Eng., Dec. 15.

VARIETY HALLS.

FRANK KENYON (Richard F. Falja) died in London, Eng., Dec. 15.

HERR HOLTUM is tossing cannon-balls and handling other heavy articles to the astonishment of the patrons of the Canterbury, London.

MISS EMMA JUTAU began an engagement at the Oxford, London, Dec. 22.

THE COMBINATION consisting of the Garretta Family, the Lentons, the Brothers Dare, the Bellonini Brothers and Clingwin, "the white-eyed musical Kaffir," were performing at the Theatre Royal, Gibraltar, at our last advices, Dec. 10.

CIRCUSES.

ACCIDENT TO ZAZEL.—Some consternation was occasioned among the audience at the circus in Chatham, Eng., Dec. 15, by an accident which occurred to the well-known performer Zazel. At the time of going through a portion of her performance, Zazel, through, it is alleged, some carelessness on the part of those in attendance, missed her hold and fell from a considerable height on to the accident-net placed beneath, from which she slipped, owing to the net being little or no protection at the spot at which she fell. She was taken up in an apparently senseless condition, from which, however, she speedily recovered, and was removed from the circus, exclaiming as she was led out: "I am killed, I am killed!" On examination, however, the injuries she had sustained were not considered of a sufficiently serious character to necessitate the performance being stopped, and after an interval she again appeared and went through the performance with her hands bandaged up, and evidently suffering from great nervousness. The spectators, who remained almost breathless at the accident, rewarded Zazel with several rounds of applause on her reappearance.

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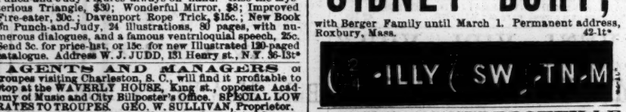

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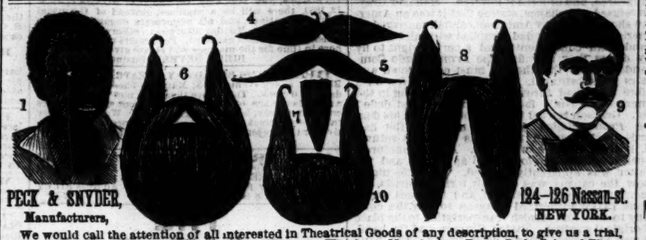

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